

# CQ

CHESSPLAYERS' QUARTERLY  
A parody USER MANUAL for the IBM PC

**Spectrum HoloByte**

**NATIONAL  
LAMPOON'S  
CHESS Maniac**  
5 BILLION<sup>est</sup>

## THE CHIC IN CHECK

Nouvelle Chess  
at Le Menu Bar

## SPASSKY'S SPUMONI SCANDAL

Obscure Trivia in  
Chess History

## THOSE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

Coy Openings to Get  
Your Rooks Off

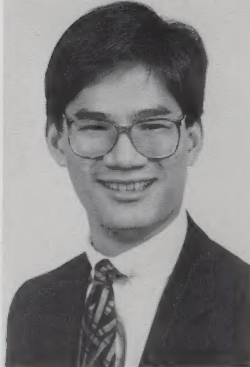
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

# Chess Maniac Exposed

The Naked Truth Inside His Dirty Lab Coat



# letter from the chairman



LISTEN TO this...

The new American Renaissance has leapt upon us, jaws agape. We have a President who was in the *vicinity* of dope and wails on the sax. Our Mighty War Machine is turning aside its craving for destruction, and we've learned to embrace our former enemies. South American rainforests are being preserved to give us that needed breath of fresh air. You, as a member of this great nation, have the opportunity to make a profound difference. Stop software piracy.

It's been documented that software pirates in foreign countries are subjected to penalties *horriblé* if caught. In parts of Africa, offenders are strung spread-eagle between two trees to be impaled by charging rhinos. Eskimos in

the Great White North plunge software criminals naked through holes in the polar ice cap. I've witnessed Australian aborigines feed the villains to the wild dingos of the Outback. Piece by piece. Definitely not *trés chic*.

We'll continue to produce quality software as long as you pay for it. Without your cash, we fail. The industry fails. Soon there may be no one left to invent that spreadsheet, computerize your taxes, to create Tetris. Think about it. If you want to talk, we'll be there. Give us a call. We'd like to hear from you.

See you on the funny pages.

Gilman G. Louie  
Spectrum HoloByte, Inc.

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Prodigy: TKNJ33A



# NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

## CHIESS MANIAC

5 BILLION <sup>and 1</sup>

DROP IN  
4-COLOR  
IMAGE!  
HOLD THE  
YELLOWS IN  
BACKGROUND  
AND FACE,  
BEEF UP  
MAGENTA  
IN SHADOW  
AREAS!!

drop  
this  
in  
head!

29  
cubits

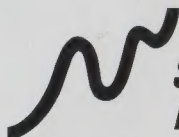
F.P.O.

TOO EXPENSIVE!  
READ IN B+W!!!  
-R

26 cubits

# user manual

REDO TYPE!!  
KERN TO FIT  
20 PICA LINE!!  
TIGHT  
LETTERSPACING!



**Spectrum  
HoloByte**

drop ®!!

ROTATE  
LOGO 180° - USE 4-COLOR LOGO!



---

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<i>Produced by</i>	MATHIAS GENSER
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<i>Sound Direction</i>	PAUL MOGG
<i>Music and Sound Effects</i>	PAUL MOGG, ANDY EDLEN

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---

Robert Giedt uses Power Bars, Resistol hats, Nocona boots and General Foods International Coffees. Steve Olson uses Splat du Gak, Cofiotherapy, Tonganese War Clubs and his own bilious phlegm. Carrie Galbraith uses Tarkovsky films, Prismacolor pencils, Bienfang Parchment 100 Tracing Paper and Dostoyevsky novels. Marisa Ong uses low fat milk, Pepperidge Farm cookies, Pilot Precise Rolling Ball Extra Fine pens and Eddie Bauer clothes.

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**Middle Row (L to R):** Randy Angle, Peter Winch, Tom Byron, Kathryn Lynch, Paul Mogg, Erick Jap, Gilman Louie, Heather Mace.

**Bottom Row (L to R):** Paul Wood, Kurt Boutin, Marisa Ong, Kathleen Redmer (and Escher!), A.J. Redmer.  
**Photographer:** Greg Dyer.



Kitty Barowitz  
 Trendete E. Randolph  
 Terri L. Taylor



Kevin Curry-Wise  
 Andrew Casl  
 Brett J. Williams



# customer

*Operators are*



If you have any questions about *Chess Maniac 5 Billion and 1* or any of our other products, please contact Spectrum HoloByte Customer Support with a baseball bat or at:



Spectrum HoloByte  
2490 Mariner Square Loop  
Alameda, CA 94501  
ATTN: Customer Support,  
Spelunker's Bureau



(510)522-1164  
9:00 AM to 5:00 PM  
Pacific Time  
Monday through Friday



Fax  
(510)522-3587



Section 6 Row 2 Seat 3  
(Behind the fat lady who smokes)

## America Online

To reach our Customer Support board in the Industry Connection, press **Ctrl** **K** for "Go to Keyboard." Then type **SPECTRUM** in the Keyword window. In addition to posting and reading messages, you can download files (demos, updates, troubleshooting tips, horoscopes, etc.) from the "Software Libraries." You can also send electronic mail to Customer Support at S HOLOBYTE which will promptly be answered by Chairman Sven Holobyte.

## CompuServe

To reach our Customer Support board in the Game Publishers B Forum, type **GO GAMPUB** at any "!" prompt. Then select "Section 3" for Spectrum HoloByte. In addition to posting and reading messages, you can download files (demos, updates, troubleshooting tips, etc.) from the "Libraries (files)" menu. You can send electronic mail to Customer Support at 76004,2144. Contrary to rumor, our number is not 867-5309.

If you are not already a member of CompuServe, they are accepting pledges, so get a haircut and learn the secret handshake. Or, you can call CompuServe toll-free at 1-800-848-8199 and ask Representative #142 for your free introductory membership and \$15 usage credit. Besides online support of *Chess Maniac 5 Billion and 1* and our other Spectrum HoloByte products, CompuServe offers many other services including communications, hardware/software support, travel, blind dates, reference libraries and more.

# support

*standing by...*

## GEnie

To reach our Customer Support board in the Games RoundTable, kneel before King Arthur. Or, type **M805;1** at any “?” prompt. For Spectrum HoloByte, select “Category 18” which probably has the Audio Daily Double, Alex. In addition to posting and reading messages, you can download files (demos, updates, troubleshooting tips, etc.) from the “Games RoundTable Libraries.” You can also send electronic mail to Customer Support at HOLOBYTE.

## Internet

You can send electronic mail to Customer Support at 76004.2144@compuserve.com, and your message will be read by a biped with a pulse sometime before we colonize Mars.

## Prodigy

You can post and read messages in the “Chess” topic on the Game Club bulletin board located in the Game Center area. You can also send electronic mail to Customer Support at TKNJ33A, the vanity plate number of our beloved Chairman.

## Additional Info

If you are having problems with *Chess Maniac 5 Billion and 1*, we can best help you if (1) you are at your computer when you call, and (2) you have the following information handy:

- \* Version number or serial number of *Chess Maniac 5 Billion and 1*
- \* Your computer's brand and model
- \* Your computer's BIOS brand and version number
- \* Your computer's favorite Beatle
- \* Total RAM installed in your computer (and any RAM in the fridge)
- \* Name and version number of your operating system (MS-DOS or DR DOS)
- \* Name and version number of your memory manager (such as QEMM or 386MAX), if any
- \* Name and version number of your blimp
- \* Video card brand and model name
- \* Mouse brand and version number of mouse driver
- \* Sound card, if any
- \* Credit card (well, it was worth a shot!)
- \* Contents of AUTOEXEC.BAT and CONFIG.SYS files
- \* Type **MEM /C** at the DOS prompt and copy down the onscreen listing
- \* A real surly attitude ☹





A BEEFY FART

HIPPIES

THE GARBAGE DUMP

A BIG STINK  
A BIG WIN

# DISTRACTION

NEW YORK • TOKYO  
LA BREA TAR PITS



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On the cover, our artist's conception of the Chess Maniac, dressed in full regalia: single-breasted, phlegm-stained lab coat by A.P. Godenburg of London; crusty, unwashed Qiana shirt by Leonardo and Sons, Hamburg; shoes by Radney Brothers, Ltd.; nails done by Julia Arbothwaite; greasy pizza by Domino's; bleached hair by Clorox.

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# CQ recommends

*"The history of the world is none other than the progress of the consciousness of freedom."*—Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel

*"The history of ideas is the history of the grudges of solitary men."*—E.M. Cioran

*"I am history. I passed it senior year."*—The Chess Maniac

SO, YOU BOUGHT THE AD COPY. YOU bought the hype. And now you done screwed up and bought the game.

It's too late, you know. Your money is already clamped under lock and key in the register, waiting for a steroid ape to cart it off to a giant vat of cash buried at a location known only to a couple of financial tycoons and their money serfs who count and save and count and buy and count and liquidate until one day you realize that your whole computer system is actually owned by a bald weasel with a skin rash and a checkbook-with-built-in-calculator as thick as the Holy Bible. Sorry.

But not to worry. We promise a couple of laughs. Cheap maybe, but laughs they are. Because if you don't laugh, you'll go bald and develop a skin rash, courtesy of our own strain of computer virus. Have you ever seen a computer with a rash? It boots every hour on the hour, and the bathroom's a mess.

Oh, the bit about history. We're not saving the planet here, but we have created something never before seen in the world of computer chess games: live-action, digital animation. As opposed to "dead action" which is a trademark of Tuesday Night Bingo at Uncle Bunk's Gas-n-Go Center of Dialysis in Sun City, Florida. Keep your 12-gauge in the closet, Uncle Bunk.

It's also a good idea to check out the **Installation and Loading Card** before taking one more step. I know, your trigger finger is just a

little itchy, but if you don't follow the installation guidelines, you may end up with accounting software on your machine. Wouldn't that be a hoot.

No doubt you're rolling on the ground already. The rest of the manual is likewise crazy, nutty and wacky. If you are a little vague on the rules of chess, it's nothing to be ashamed of. Repeat after me: "Hello, my name is (your name here), and I have a chess problem." Your 12-step program is outlined in the *How to Play Chess* section.

An important part of your therapy is an introduction to the Chess Maniac, your partner in rehab. To say the Chess Maniac is a little odd is like claiming that Charles Barkley is a little ornery. The Chess Maniac is old, he's dirty, and he's not real good with people. What he plays, we're not quite sure, but he mostly follows the rules of chess. Like Sir Charles, he doesn't play to lose. Given a chance, he's not above throwing an elbow from time to time. Should you wonder which elbow hit you, consult the *Playing Chess Maniac* section.

The game itself is pretty straightforward. We tried to build an interface so easy to use that you can burn the manual. Hey, Boy Scout, put down the lighter for a second. You might want to hang on to the manual because, well, without it I'd be out of a job. And you wouldn't get past the copy protection. Also, the nifty tricks in the game may need some explanation, particularly the options beneath the menu

bar. For more tidbits on them, see *Le Menu Bar*.

Here's a freebie tidbit right now: *Chess Maniac* was originally intended to be a serious program. Yes, ma'am! Chairman Gilman Louie

product to fruition. Mogg, a British transplant (the donor has since died), brought his Fellini-autographed beret, his trimmed goatee, his entourage and his eclectic sense of humor to Spectrum HoloByte three years ago. In past

*In past lifetimes, he was a road manager for Elvis Costello.*

is a bit of a chess nut. We all thought that his nut had cracked when he said that he wanted to make the ultimate chess program. We had heard of Deep Thought, a supercomputer built to play chess. What did he want, The Abyss Master?

So, we hired a deaf, dumb, blind kid who sure played a mean blitz chess. His name was "The Wizard," and he sold us on the idea that a program could teach people how to plumb the depths of chess which would improve their ability to think logically which would, in turn, improve their lives and would, in turn, make our nation stronger than the Federation from *Star Trek: The Next Generation* [Coming soon from Spectrum HoloByte. —Ed. [Shut up. You ruined the flow. —Ed.'s Ed.]]. The Wizard was deaf, he was dumb, he was blind.

He was also cheap. So it was worth a shot. We paid for his diving gear, but he—uh—didn't find the treasure. Rather than cut off his head, we decided to take a crack at humor. Our first efforts were not Lenny Bruce. Someone actually thought of calling this game "Chesscapades." Tell me, would you have even picked up a box labeled "Chesscapades?" I think not.

Our latest efforts aren't Lenny Bruce either. But, hey, we're computer nerds. Our chief nerd on the project was Paul Mogg who leapt hurdles and schmoozed execs and still managed to pound out music on his organ [Wait, back up a sec... —Ed.] in order to see this

lifetimes, he was a road manager for Elvis Costello. Talk about a hip nerd!

Other important folks include Erick Jap and Mat Genser. On this project and *Falcon 3.0*, Erick (I won't call him "Jap") cranked out more code than the CIA and pulled a few rabbits out of his hat. For his encore, we hope that Erick doesn't lock himself in a chest tossed in the San Francisco Bay. Genser, born with a fleshy telephone cradle on his shoulder, got his start in the industry feeding punch cards to a mainframe, the name of which he forgets. From there, he climbed the ladder until he arrived at Spectrum HoloByte, where he always wanted to be. Genser's next production is *Star Trek: The Next Generation* [Coming soon from—Heel! Heel!! —Ed.'s Ed.].

There. We're done with the Introduction. You've met the folks. You've met the Chess Maniac. Now you've got to beat him. During your trip through his sordid world, keep in mind that this game and the rest of this manual are parodies, pokes at stuffy, overblown chess programs that claim to stomp on anyone and anything from Radio Shack pocket chess to Spock [Old show, Bozo. Don't even think about it. —E.E.] to HAL from 2001. Our game plays some pretty mean chess, but the game is secondary to the fun. So loosen up your tie, kick up your heels, let down your hair, and add your own cliché. We sincerely hope that you enjoy our spin on chess. No refunds. See our bald weasel for details. ♣



# letters to CQ

*We read your stupid mail...*

## Gone Fischin'?

Sirs:

Help! Get this guy Fischer out of my cave! He snores, has bad breath and keeps babbling about some guy named Spassky! It's getting to the point that the neighbors don't come around anymore to borrow a cup of sand. I need some peace!

John the Hermit

*Bobby Fischer's next-door neighbor*

*Some cave on the West Coast, USA*

## That's LORD Garth!

Sirs:

Queen to Queen's level three, Captain?

Scotty

*Aboard the Starship Enterprise*

*Where no man has gone before, Space*

## Four Forever

Sirs:

Chess is the gymnasium of the mind.

Vladimir I. Lenin

*Lenin's Tomb and Gift Shop, Moscow*

Sirs:

Chess is the Stairmaster of the mind.

John Q. Steroid

*Muscle Beach, Venice, Calif.*

Sirs:

Only from the mind of Minolta.

P.R. Gloryhog

*Testmarket, Idaho*

Sirs:

From Sharp minds come Sharp products.

Mi Tu

*Slogan's Heroes, Inc., Touché, Idaho*

## Perplexing Puzzle?

Sirs:

If Q-K4! and R-N5? then is O-O-O!?  
@&%#?!

Professor Plum

*The Study, with the revolver*

## Shapely Legs, Rich!

Sirs:

I have a question about last issue's article on "Chess Pieces as Fashion Accessories." Can you wear White Queen earrings with a black evening dress? I was just curious. For my wife, that is.

Richard Henpecked

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

## Wait a Minute, Mr. Postman

Sirs:

Lucy T. Gruhnik's recipe for deep-fried pig knuckles was really super! I tried it on my husband, and he just loved—Oops! Wrong magazine! I'm terribly embarrassed.

Miss Delia Genn

*Heck's Kitchen, New York*



# CQ&A

*...we answer your inane questions!*

I AM AN AVID CHESS PLAYER. RECENTLY, MY DOCTOR DIAGNOSED AN ABNORMALLY LARGE LUMP ON MY HEAD AS AN EXTRA CHESS LOBE OF MY BRAIN. ALTHOUGH THE QUALITY OF MY PLAY HAS IMPROVED, THE GROWTH IS RATHER UNSIGHTLY. ANY SUGGESTIONS? BASEBALL CAPS WITH THE BACK STRAP ON THE LAST NOTCH ARE *STILL* TOO SMALL!

N.R.G., THREE MILE ISLAND, N.Y.

Congratulations! You are among the handful of players so well-endowed! You have nothing to be ashamed of. With proper care, your lobe can blossom into a potent chess accessory. Consult your doctor, as poorly nurtured chess lobes can develop problems. One "lober" with a marijuana habit ended up with a stunted bonsai tree sticking out of his head. The blue jays in it didn't leave their nest until he gassed himself with paraquat. Now, the poor man can't even play checkers.

Advances in cosmetic surgery now permit lobe-enhanced people to lead normal lives. Implants can render an evenly shaped, though somewhat larger, head. It is quite safe; the surgery is an adaptation of a routine operation performed for years in a Beverly Hills clinic for bloated egos. Mind you, this procedure is expensive. In addition, you may experience balance problems related to an outsized head, although one implanted individual did achieve his dreams of joining the circus. Starting in the sideshow playing exhibition chess, he worked hard, against all odds and enormous prejudice, until he was stepping out onto the high wire. He found his dream and was buried in a shoe box for evening pumps.

As to your fashion needs, I can sympathize. In elementary school, I garnered the nickname "Peanut Head" and have borne it the rest of my life. My children, whom I dearly loved, called me "Peanut Head" once. It takes a long time to get used to yourself. I was fortunate enough to find a good psychologist and a fine haberdashery. For the less financially well-endowed lobe-enhanced being of human heritage, you might try contacting Ye Olde Fathead Shoppe in London. They offer a fine selection of sombreros, ten-gallon hats and Afro toupees.

I HEARD THAT THE CHESS MANIAC EATS NOTHING BUT FUDGE FOR THREE DAYS BEFORE AN IMPORTANT MATCH. IS THIS TRUE? IS IT A GOOD IDEA?

P.U., SULFUR CITY, MONT.

Not much is known about the Chess Maniac's diet. In fact, not much is known about the Chess Maniac at all. Our sources indicate that he was last seen in a corner at Au Bar in Palm Beach, Florida playing a hot game of speed chess with a rather inebriated brunette. Our source couldn't tell what he was eating, other than it was a quivering goo.

CQ nutritionist Richie Simon comments that eating fudge for three days straight is not a good idea, except at Christmas time when you don't want Grandma to cry. To prepare for a tournament, he suggests a well-balanced diet high in carbohydrates. Three days prior, you might experiment by turbo-carbing with Taco Bell or Joe Weider's Weight-On! powdered food product. If you notice significant weight gains, switch to terry cloth sweat pants.

Exercise is unnecessary. Besides, you might enjoy it.



AT TOURNAMENTS, I'VE BEEN NOTICING A NEW STYLE OF PANT WITH CUFFS AS WIDE AS A BELL. IS THIS A NEW FASHION? SHOULD I GET RID OF MY NEHRU JACKET?

B.C., STONE AGE, ALASKA

These pants, indeed, are all the rage in chess circles. Bell-bottoms, as they are called, crash-landed on the chess scene when Dwayne Gibb, the Bee Gees' fifth brother, showed up at the U.S. Open last year in a pair of to-die-for Britannia cords. All over the country, designers have been snatching up secondhands; famed fashion rebel Arsenio Hall paid \$200 to Leif Garrett for a pair of his autographed Lee bells. Chess celebrities have been adding their own touches. National Masters have been seen prowling L.A.'s top dance clubs in bells hand-decorated in rhinestones of solder.

For those of you comatose during the 70s, I suggest that you peruse *Saturday Night Fever* or borrow a friend's tapes of *The Love Boat*. Either one should adequately prepare you for any cocktail subject on the decade. Then, of course, burn the evidence.

HELP! MY BOYFRIEND LARRY MUTTERS ABOUT CHESS AT THE DINNER TABLE. IS THIS SOME KIND OF TOURETTE'S SYNDROME? HE STARTS WHEN HE'S GOT A MOUTH FULL OF FOOD. IT USUALLY ENDS UP ON MY PLATE. I LIKE MY COOKING, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

P.O., CRIMSON, WIS.

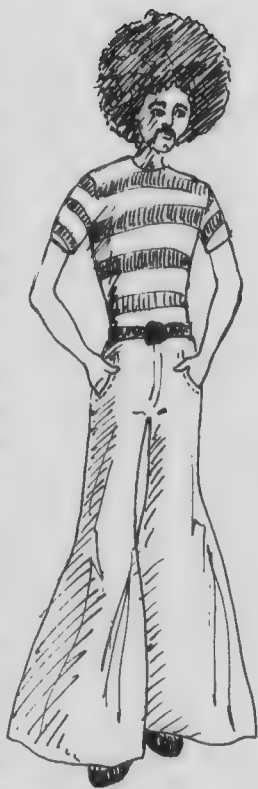
Your boyfriend Larry's paranormal brain activity at dinnertime is a frequent stage in a chess player's development. Research has correlated this activity to moments of high stress. One test subject spontaneously ejaculated on Queen positions whenever he tried to merge onto the freeway. Surface streets cured his ejaculation problem. In your case, is there something about dinnertime which might cause your boyfriend stress? Perhaps you should consult a marriage counselor. Or, perhaps your cooking sucks.

In the interim, my secretary whose brother displayed similar symptoms has suggested that you try placing a clear plastic barrier in front of Larry. These barriers, used during world-class tournaments, are available at any chess retailer. They're stackable too, in case Larry starts to launch three-pointers. However, you may experience discomfort viewing your dinner in plastic collage across the table. If so, you might consider a diet.

DO CLOTHES MAKE A DIFFERENCE? MY COACH RECOMMENDED WEARING FLUORESCENT NEON TO TOURNAMENTS AS A DISTRACTION TO MY OPPONENTS. I'M WINNING MORE FREQUENTLY, BUT I'M ALSO GETTING SOME SPLITTING HEADACHES.

K.O., THIRD ROUND, ARIZ.

Neon's passé. Try Advil. And don't call your coach anymore. ♣





# History of Chess

*Strange and sometime true facts about the ever-so-serious "sport" we love to play*

*by Ivan Smithovich*

CHESS HAS A STRANGE AND ALMOST true history. Some say that the origin of chess was in India, others insist it's Turkey. Others swear that hieroglyphics prove it originated in Egypt and Hippopotamia. Others swear they won't smoke another cigarette. Through exhaustive research, extensive arm-wrestling and rock-scissors-paper matches, we have determined the origins to be decisively inconclusive. And besides which, who really cares!



The Turks were the next to jump on the "game of skill" bandwagon. They obtained the rights to Stinnett for 10 pounds of Turkish Delight, a "Get Out of Jail Free" card, Jose Canseco and two players to be named later.

The Turks then modified the game (now known as "Twenty Squares" or "Twenty Questions," the translation was fuzzy) to include live scorpions instead of colored beads. This led to more fatalities, but vastly improved TV ratings.

## Origins of Chess

One precursor to Chess was the game Stinnett, played by Egyptian Pharaohs, choirboys and cats nearly 2,000 years ago (sometime around May). Stinnett used a board arranged in a diamond-shaped pattern with a cup at either end. Each piece was carefully placed before the game and after a prearranged signal, the game would begin. The players would throw out their arm (or paw) and quickly sweep all their pieces into the cup. Whoever had the most pieces in the cup after the sweep (known as an **armoire**) was the victor. The loser would be tossed off the nearest pyramid. Needless to say, during this period in Egypt, cats were nearly extinct.

When Alexander the Great rampaged through Turkey, he liberated the game from the poisoned Turks and sent it back to Greece by Fed Ex overnight. Philosophers like Plato and Goofy took the new-found treat and twisted the rules, changing the name to Patella and replacing the scorpions with scrolls of their philosophic





mutterings. Now players had to read their writings after each armoire. This led to the poisoning of Socrates. Bored Greek yuppie-types then set the game adrift in the Mediter-

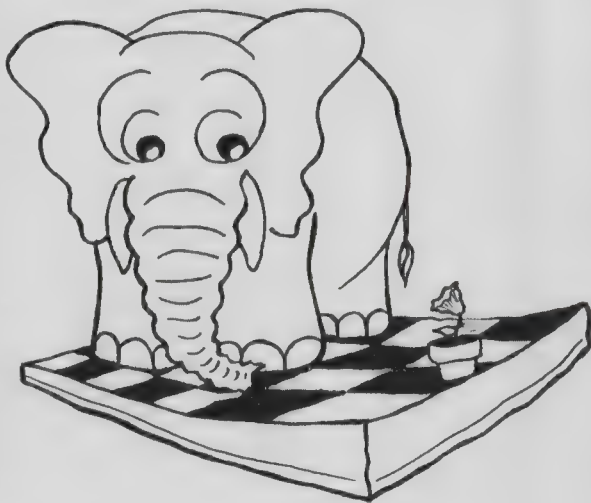
Only a few years later, Patella was picked up by a beachcomber in India where he had a divine revelation/a drug-induced inspiration/indigestion (the research is unclear) that led

*The Sanskrit name Chaitanyogī translates to "Joy" in many languages, including French, Swedish and Esperanto.*

anean and went back to their pastime of making gyros and thrashing Minotaurs.

Years later, during the turn of the seventh century AD, the dice game of Chattanooga was being developed in a secret underground lab in India. The Sanskrit name Chattanooga translates to “four” in many languages, including French, Swahili and Esperanto. It also prompted a #1 hit song in the pop charts for 14 weeks. The game was based on the Indian military scheme, having four distinct parts: foot soldiers, elephants, sacred cows and petunias. Chattanooga was quite successful, but in the original full-scale form it was hard to discern where the petunias were on the board.

him to combine the game with the Indian's own Chattanooga. He then brainstormed with



a group of astrophysicists on sabbatical from U.C. Berkeley and one of the aforementioned sacred cows named Betsy. Their collective intellect combined with the brain-enhancing formula of Betsy's fresh milk (low-fat, of course) came up with a hybrid game called Shadrach.

Shadrach introduced an 8 x 8 board with alternating black and white squares. Petunias were (thankfully) eliminated and replaced with a tower piece known as the **ruk**. The name apparently derived from the sound it made when you pushed it over.

Now there were six distinct pieces, each with their own flavor and dance step. Unfortunately for the Indians, the Persians stole the game in 648 AD (with the last bottle of Betsy's milk) and brought them both back to Baghdad.



In Persia, the game blossomed in popularity, producing experts known the world over. Grandmasters Al-Abid, Al-Franken, Al-Gore, Al-Einstein and Al-Abroddinagrasifarian stупefied Persia with their play and the pronunciation of their names. By the ninth century AD, Shadrach had spread itself all across Europe like bad mayonnaise.

The next few centuries saw a number of changes to Shadrach. The English changed the rukh's straw tower to one made of bricks and spelled the name right. The Pope transformed the elephant piece to a bishop. (Anyone who argued got excommunicated. However, one dissident named Chubby went on to develop a competing game known as Checkers.) Queen Elizabeth, in the first recorded instance of women's lib, gave the queen piece unlimited movement in any direction. And, of course, they renamed the game to Chess.

## Transition to the Modern Game

Since the rules were finally defined, a lot of lost time had to be made up. The old Persian masters couldn't handle the intricate nuances of the new game, so they tossed in the camel and looked for another game to steal. Meanwhile, during the Renaissance, European

Grandmasters held tournaments and conventions all over the continent. The most famous of which was ChessCon VIII, held in Rome in 1560. Rumor has it that nearly 40,000 spectators filled the ruins of the Colosseum so they

could watch Ruy "The Tiger" Lopez defeat Leonardo "Ninja Turtle" da Cutri in 12 rounds to retain the World Grandmaster Belt.

Da Cutri wasn't going to sit still with his ignominious defeat and the interminable razzing he took at the hands of the Italians.

Through Philip II of Spain, he arranged a rematch with Lopez in Madrid, but the match wasn't scheduled until 1575 because of Don King's feud with da Cutri's promoter Bob Arum. Records are unclear, but rumor has it that Ruy Lopez retained the belt with a 15-round split decision while da Cutri claimed the match was fixed. Whatever the result, Don King made a truckload of cash.

The next great chess master was François-André Danican Philidor of France. He made his living playing chess in a circus sideshow that traveled all across Europe in the late 1700s. (His tent was next to the Ape Boy and the Two-Headed Man.) Philidor was famous for playing three or more games blindfolded while eating a grilled cheese



sandwich. His favorite chess tactic was to control the center of the chess board with his pawns. To achieve this, he would use any means necessary (much like the Wise and Stinky Chess Maniac himself), including, but

when he took up guitar and started a heavy metal band, Morphy's Monsters. They toured America and Europe, opening for the Stones, before Morphy was found dead from muscle relaxants in 1868. Legend has it that Pete

*Legend has it that Pete Townsend got his windmill guitar style from the late Morphy.*

not limited to, making funny faces at his opponents and performing crude underarm noises.

Howard Staunton made his entrance to chess in the mid-1800s. Although he had a brilliant chess mind, he also gave his name to the dull pieces that come with most chess boards. His other contribution to the chess world was the reintroduction of an international tournament. Along with some of his friends, Staunton snookered the elite of London into coughing up an enormous sum of cash for prize money. Staunton then entered the competition and, of course, won. When he and his friends were all seen later at Monte Carlo spending their winnings on booze and women, however, the jig was up.

The first great American chess player was Paul Morphy, who, when he was only 12, trounced the pompous European dude Lowenthal in straight sets (6-2, 6-1, 6-0) at the Superdome in New Orleans. After his rematches with Lowenthal seven years later in Paris and London in 1858, he abruptly retired from competition. He became fully whacked

Townsend got his windmill guitar style from the late Morphy.

## The 20th Century— Era of the Grandmasters

Chess in the 20th century has been primarily dominated by the Eastern Europeans, especially those with "ov" or "ski" at the end of their names. In fact, the lesser-known Spanish player Pedro Ramon changed his name to Pieter Romanov in 1922 and actually increased his play by 500



points. When he was later confronted frequenting a local burrito shop, he lost all credibility and was forced into exile.

Mikhail Botvinnik was the first Soviet citizen to become World Champion. He was also the first to chew gum and play chess at the same time. Sadly, he lost his title in 1969 when it fell into a gutter on the streets of Moscow. Boris Spassky, a frozen yogurt sales-





man, picked it up a short time later on the banks of the Volga. According to Soviet law, it's finders keepers, losers weepers.

Spassky began the craze of eccentric chess players who proliferated, pilfered and perpetuated the 60s and 70s. Most notable was Bobby Fischer, the American Grandmaster that beat up on Spassky in 1972. Fischer was the wildest of all, always putting demands on FIDE, the governing body of chess. When Fischer became World Champion, he forced FIDE to provide shrimp puffed pastries at each title defense. If they were late, he'd lock his dressing room door and hold his breath until he turned purple.

After a few years of this, FIDE got really sick of Fischer and forced him into a match *without* his precious additional obscurities (including his new isolation tank rule). Fischer bagged on the idea, took his puffed pastries and bailed for hyperspace. The challenger, a young Anatoly Karpov waiting in clown outfit, red nose and all, took the belt gladly. Thus began the reign of Soviet domination dimmed only slightly by the debut of the Yugo.

Karpov staged a number of title defenses during the period known for Watergate, OPEC and Billy Beer. He then took his show on the road, traveling by private jet to secluded chess speak-easies for the next 10 years until he finally met his match in 1985. His nemesis, his antithesis, his hypothesis was none other than Gary Kasparov.

This young turk used no tricks, no gimmicks. Just plain out and out kick-butt chess

play. He angered the old-time Grandmasters (including the noted Chess Maniac, banned from FIDE the year before for planting rotten onions under his opponent's seat). FIDE, however, was overjoyed. They could now show their faces again in Cannes, run-down porno theaters and Tupperware parties.

Kasparov blew away Karpov's house of cards, leaving no spade unturned. Some say that Kasparov lucked out, since that historic match was one year before instant replay. Reverse angles showed that one of Karpov's Rooks could have been salvaged, since both feet actually were in bounds but out of sight of the ref.



Only recently has the Mighty Fischer oozed from the black hole of obscurity to challenge his old nemesis Spassky once again. Spassky took time off his job acting as Lenin for the tomb crowds to

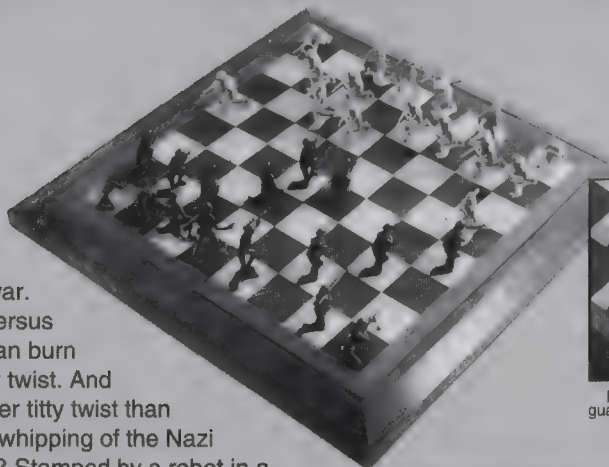
battle the once mighty Fischer. FIDE wasn't about to let Fischer try his wacky stunts again, so they initiated the Fischer Muzzle rule. Unfortunately, it wouldn't fit over his enormous nose. Even so, Spassky was no match for this latest incarnation of the Bad Boy of Chess. Fischer then went on to defeat Muhammad Ali and is currently scheduled to challenge the kid who plays Mickey at DisneyWorld. Check your local listing for pay-per-view rates.

The twisted world of chess has a wondrous if yet mystifying legacy, one that should endure for at least another millenia. Of course, if we're all nuked, that could change really quick. *[Finish this up with a positive line or kiss your \$.04/word goodbye! -Ed.]* ♣

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# How to Play Chess

or "What the heck are those black-and-white things on that square table?"

by Alec Schwartz

CHESS IS A GAME. IT CAN BE PLAYED by anyone, from infant to decrepit old man, from meter maid to Mensa pinhead. Of course if a Mensa pinhead played an infant, there wouldn't be much contest, unless he cheated on the admissions test. Chess requires skill and mental awareness. (This eliminates 9 out of 10 meter maids.) Chess requires pepperoni. Wait, PIZZA requires pepperoni. My mistake.

Chess is played by two players. With *Chess Maniac 5 Billion and 1*, you'll mostly be playing against the computer. (Otherwise, why did you buy this game?) Each player takes a side, either White or Black. No matter what color, shape or smell your chess set is, there will always be one side designated as "White" and one as "Black." Each side takes turns, beginning with White, until one side wins or gets bored and leaves.

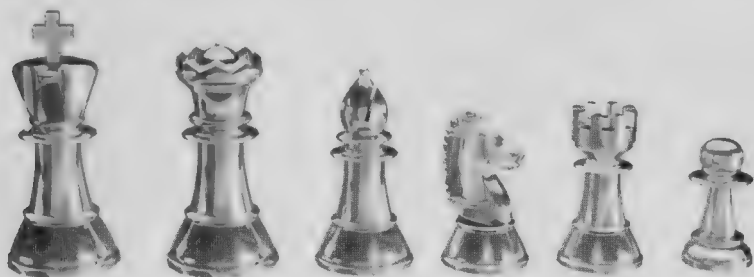
## How to Win Chess (Without Really Trying)

No, there's no magic secret to winning chess, but there is one fundamental thing to remem-

ber: win at all costs. How do you win, you ask? Simple. Put your opponent's King in a position he doesn't want to be in and can't escape from. (No, not caught in bed with the opposing Queen!) If you position your pieces so that the opponent's King is threatened by them, you have placed the King in **check**. If that King cannot move out of check and no other piece can save it from elimination, you have **checkmated** your opponent. If you move your Queen in a position to checkmate the opposing King, you have **playmated** him and he must switch to Penthouse. Do not pass GO, do not collect \$200.

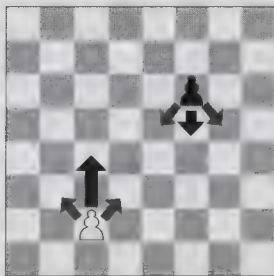
## Pieces of the Game

To play chess, you've got to know how the pieces work. Each piece discos to its own beat, so to speak. A side has 16 pieces to begin the game: 8 Pawns, 2 Rooks, 2 Knights, 2 Bishops, 1 Queen and 1 King. In computer chess, you can purchase more pieces by jamming cash into the disk drive slot during the game. If you hear a grinding noise, you must reinsert your money. No crumpled bills or pennies, please. Exact change only.





## The Pawn

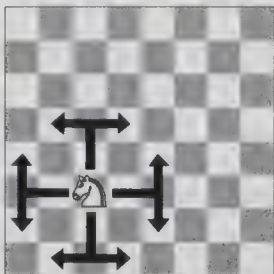


Pawns are the lowliest piece on the board. They're also the smallest. And the dumbest. They're Pawns. Pawns can move one square forward (two if it's the first time they've moved in a game, three if your opponent is napping). They can only move forward, never back. Pawns can go diagonally forward, but only to capture another piece. The word Pawn is derived from the Old English word *pawne*, meaning "to hock your Rolex for cash." If

you're scoring at home, each Pawn is worth one (1) point.

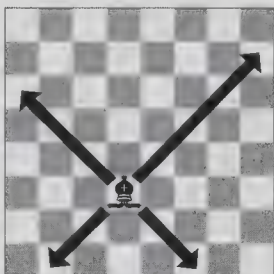
To make up for the Pawn's lack of offense, or a sexual organ, it does have one special ability. If a Pawn makes it all the way across the board without being molested, at the end of its last move, it wondrously transforms into any other piece. Just like a caterpillar. This is called promotion. Two Queens? What a thought! No second Kings, though. That would be telling.

## The Knight



Knights are second on the totem pole just above Pawns and worth three (3) points. Some would argue that because of their leaping ability, they are more valuable, but in fact their erratic version of the tango leaves much to be desired. A Knight always jumps two squares one direction and then takes a sharp left or right hop for one square. They're the only pieces that can leapfrog over other pieces. If a Knight gets two different enemy pieces in its area of control, they are considered to be **forked**. Damn right, they are!

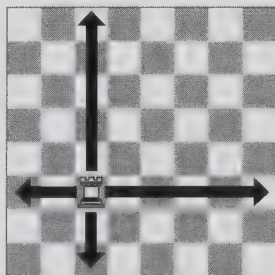
## The Bishop



Bishops and Knights have the same point value (3), but the Bishop is considered more valuable due to its potentially unlimited movement. A Bishop can move diagonally on its color as long as its path or colon is not blocked. Bishops start out on either side of the King and Queen—one on White, one on Black. The Bishop was included in chess as a marketing ploy to get rabid churchgoers out of the bingo halls and into the smoky confines of illicit chess parlors.

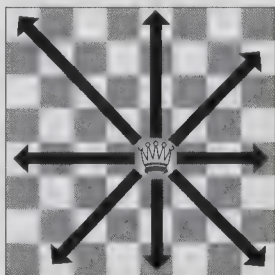
## The Rook

The Rooks are those castley-looking things in the corners of the chessboard. They also have unlimited movement when they have clear access to the board or a freeway onramp. Unlike the Bishops, they move vertically and horizontally, holding state records in both the long and high jumps. If you're scoring the meet, Rooks are worth five (5) points.



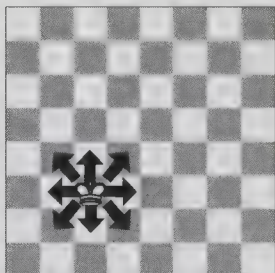
## The Queen

The Queen has two of the most well-rounded assets in the game. You can move the Queen any of the eight directions an unlimited distance. And when she goes all the way, whew! She always starts out on her own color, right next to her sugar daddy, the King. Daddy's little princess is worth nine (9) points.



## The King

Since Graceland is worth millions, the King is the most valuable piece on the board. It's obviously the later version of the King, since he can only waddle one square at a time, but he can go any direction (usually towards the jelly donuts). The King isn't worth any points, but is always good for a few high-interest loans.



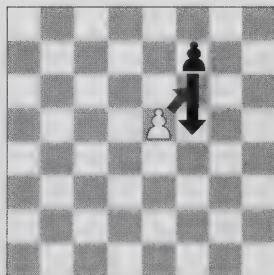
## Special Piece Movement

In addition to the standard moves previously listed, there are two special and very important movements to consider. Beethoven thought about them often, generally before he completed his Third of the day. These are described on the next page. So, turn it already!

## En Passant

French for *in passing* (gas). One of the most obscure moves in chess, this move can only take place when an opposing Pawn moves two spaces forward in order to avoid capture and imprisonment from another Pawn. You move your Pawn to the space the opponent's Pawn would have been if it moved only one space, and then remove the offending Pawn. Sound complicated? Only to non-musicians. Check out the diagram.

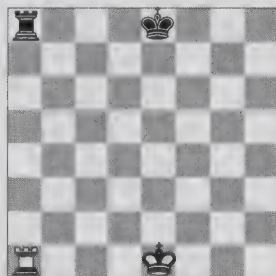
In this example (and, yes, there would be more pieces on the board. Aren't you the cheeky one!), Black attempts to move two squares forward. Since the Black Pawn would have been captured by White if he/she/it/they moved one square forward, White can move up and over one to nab the piece. If he doesn't want to exercise this option and remain flabby and lifeless, that Black Pawn is safe from en passant for the rest of the game. Wow. Aren't you glad you know now?



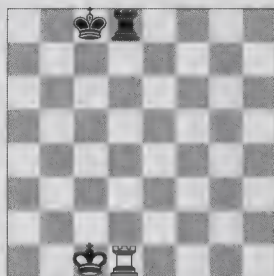
## Castling

French for *castling*. Castling is a strategic move designed both to free up a Rook and to barricade the King behind a bunch of cannon fodder Pawns. For you football heads out there, it's kinda like setting up a screen pass. Every good player castles in a game, and you should too, or you'll never, ever, *ever* win. Not in a million years!

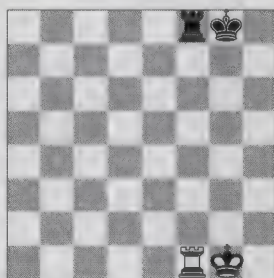
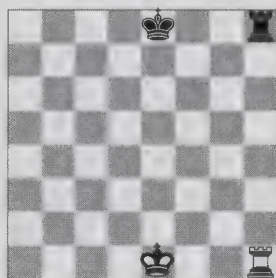
Castling involves your King and one of your two Rooks. The pieces to be castled cannot have been moved previously in the game. Not even one square. No. (It's in the rules, I'm sorry.) To castle, move your King two spaces left or right and then place the castling Rook on the space next to the King toward the center of the board. In *Chess Maniac*, just move the King two spaces one way or the other. The King can't castle into or out of check. More on that later.



Before



After



## Check and Checkmate

Are you ready to continue? Have you got everything memorized so far? Quick, how many points is the Rook worth? Wrong! Go read that stuff again and be snappy about it!



In the meantime, here's a little more on check and checkmate. The goal in chess is to place your opponent's King in check while avoiding the same fate. By checking your opponent, you are putting him in a defensive position, while you achieve an offensive position. Think of it as being on top.

When you're in check, there are only four things you can do: move your King out of check, move another piece so that it blocks your King from being in check, capture the piece that put your King in check, or write a check so that the King can pay off his Visa bill. If you can't do one of these because it would put your King in check again, you are checkmated and have lost the game. Your opponent will generally know this and smugly lord it over you. Then, of course, you have the right to punch his smug little face.

Only two rules left: 1) you can't move into check, either by moving your King within capture of an opposing piece or by moving a piece that is directly protecting your King, and 2) if your King isn't in check but you can't make any move that would prevent the King from becoming in check, then the game is a draw. Time to start playing Pictionary.

## Hints and Tips

Now that you've got the basics down, what positions to be in and what not to be caught in, how to make your moves and when moves are being put on you, here is some really obvious advice to play winning chess:

- ♣ Control the center of the board. Move your mobile pieces (Bekins one-way) into positions where they can attack from multiple directions. The edges of the board leave you less upward movement possibilities and won't guarantee that promotion.
- ♣ Always put the horse *before* the cart.
- ♣ Obliterate your opponent's strong pieces with your weaker pieces. This gives him only a lesser piece to take when he flies into a rage from your brilliant strategy.
- ♣ A Pawn saved is a Pawn earned.
- ♣ Lucky Larry Lindy in the 5th race at the Downs. Bet to show.
- ♣ Bishops and Knights should be moved early in the game so they can get into the thick of things.
- ♣ Think carefully about the moves you make. Are you exposing yourself to impending attack? Are you exposing yourself period? You really ought to cover up more in this weather!
- ♣ Diet soda really *does* taste like chemical-filled sludge.
- ♣ Set up your pieces before trying to checkmate your opponent. Haphazardly exchanging pieces is what got Saddam in trouble.

## Sample Problem

With all this in mind, try the following chess problem. You're White. Be careful, this one fooled the Grandmaster Relska Popov in the 1959 title game. White's move. Mate in one.

**Answer:**

You had to *look!* Queen moves up one space, bonthead!

Congratulations! You are now ready to jump headfirst into the world of chess!



## Notation

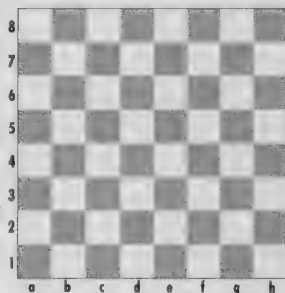
In order to truly comprehend chess, one needs to decipher its codes. Good codes for chess can be easily understood by all. But for a really bad chess code, you should always see a doctor.

There are four forms of notation: Coordinate, Algebraic, Descriptive and Scientific. The first three can be selected on the Menu Bar. The last one is math, dummy. We won't talk about it here.

## Files and Ranks

No matter which notation you choose, they always refer to the board by a letter and a number. The columns of the chessboard are marked with letters and are called **files**. The rows are numbered and known as **ranks**. Every square on the board is referred to by its file and rank. Using the example on the previous page, the White Queen is at position c7.

The files and ranks are important, since you may closely encounter them at least three times (one for each form of notation).



## Common Notation Symbols

These symbols are common to all forms of notation and will appear on the Move List (if the window is open). If the window's not open, you'll have to skip the drive-thru and walk into Jack in the Box for your order. You want fries with that?

Symbol	Meaning	Example
+	Check	d6-d8+
++	Checkmate or too many drinks last night	c3-c4++
=Q	A Pawn got promoted to Queen	f7-f8=Q
X or x	A piece got captured!	d4Xd5
\$\$\$	A piece was paid protection money	f6=\$\$\$
EP	A Pawn captured another Pawn <i>en passant</i>	d2Xc3EP
E=MC <sup>2</sup>	Theory of Relativity	Ask Einstein
O-O	Castling on the King's side	O-O
O-O-O	Castling on the Queen's side	O-O-O
O-O-O-O no!	Mr. Bill!	:-)
&%#\$!	(self-explanatory)	Huh?

For example, in Coordinate notation (the standard used above), d4Xd5 means that a piece at square d4 captured an opponent's piece at square d5.

## Coordinate Notation

This is the simplest notation and the one voted Most Popular in high school. It's also the default. Basically, this version describes which square (by file and rank) the piece is and to which square it's going. You don't need to know what the piece is, only its starting and stopping squares.

The following example moves the White Rook from square a1 to square a3:

**Move: a1-a3**

(Rook at position a1 moves two squares forward to position a3.)

## Algebraic Notation

Algebraic is the notation of choice for Official American Chess Gurus. Moves are made by naming the piece and its final destination square. The abbreviated pieces are designated as follows: K for King, Q for Queen, R for Rook, B for Bishop and N for Knight. Pawns don't drink, so they don't need any designator.

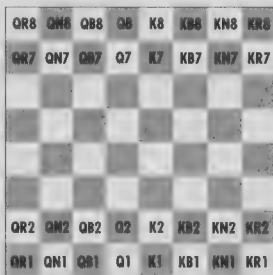
The following example moves the White Rook from square a1 to square a3:

**Move: Ra3**

(Rook moves to position a3. The starting square is omitted.)

## Descriptive Notation

The final notation is really confusing so only Chess Experts and Scientologists dare to use it. In this notation, it's important to know which of the two sides is taking its move. Descriptive notation uses the same designators (K, Q, R, etc.) as Algebraic notation; however, the initial positions are based on whether the piece is Kingside or Queenside. From White's point of view (with White at the bottom of the chessboard), the bottom rank squares are (left to right): QR1, QN1, QB1, Q1, K1, KB1, KN1 and KR1. Each square up the board adds another number to the designator. The same is true for Black's perspective at the top of the chessboard (left to right): QR8, QN8, QB8, Q8, K8, KB8, KN8 and KR8.



The following example moves the White Rook from square a1 to square a3:

**Move: R-QR3**

(Rook moves to Queenside Rook's position 3.)

## En Finalé

For more detailed information about these all these conditions, take two aspirin and lie down on the couch for a while. Relax. It'll all be over soon. Consult a *real* chess book. Meanwhile, let's talk about your mother... ♘

# Chess Openings and Defenses

*CQ rates the best beginnings to a healthy and successful chess match*

*By Richard Ramirez*

OVER THE YEARS AND BENEATH THE decades, the grandmasters of the game have developed a wide variety of chess openings, all of which pay minimum wage. From these simple moves, an aggressive player can develop a complex range of attacks, win the game, and possibly land an opponent in bed. In recent tournaments, the Dry Martini and Condom Gambit has been particularly successful. As James Bond has said, "Didn't I take your Trojan at the Playboy Mansion?" Remember, safe chess is the best chess.

By convention, chess moves are always described with the White side first. For an explanation of white primacy in chess, see Malcolm X's speech "Chess and the White Devil."

## Openings

Remember, it's not how you get the opening, it's what you do with it once it's open. Take the plunge.

### Bird Opening

Like a bad back, this one is favored by Karpov, Tal and All-Stars from Boston. To enact the Bird, move the pawn of Queen's Bishop (1 f4) and wave the extended middle finger of a tight

fist in the direction of your opponent. In tournament play, Bobby Fischer was able to gain an advantage over the Soviets who were confused as to the meaning of the Bird. The Chess Maniac has used this opening with big effects, especially when wearing the full-body costume of a large yellow canary. However, he has abandoned this opening in recent years because the mask forced him to encounter his own fowl breath. New variations have begun to appear in recent tournaments. One preteen prodigy, sporting a green turtle suit, moved his Bishop's Pawn and promptly smashed the

board and table beneath with a monstrous swing of a samurai sword. His opponent, thoroughly shaken—not stirred—immediately resigned and is currently working on his memoirs with Richard Nixon.

**Bird Opening**  
(1 f4 e6)

### Ruy Lopez Opening

Lopez, a former world champion with a 9–1 record in title defenses, was

found guilty of illegally fondling a young woman's piece and sentenced to six years in an Indiana prison. Known for his mad-dog style during his playing days, Lopez cannot sit still





in stir. He remains active by organizing matches on the tiles in the shower room. Snitches are the Pawns, Jim Bakker is a Black Bishop, and everyone wants to be the King. Slight of build, Lopez has had some difficulty enforcing the

them. It is suggested that beginning players try the Wine Spritzer, a full-bodied yet unpretentious commencement to the evening. Bold competitors may combine the Scotch Opening with the Tequila Finale, although this

*Many of those unprepared for the Scotch Opening have spent the night wrapped around the toilet bowl...*

rules of the game. The warden, a checkers man, has not come to his defense. Many former rivals have lobbied for an early release on the promise of a series of Lopez exhibitions for charity. For the cause of charity, Donald Trump has gotten into the act, juggling offers to buy a new piece for the young woman and threats to foreclose on the prison. When informed that he didn't own the property, Trump promptly built a red hotel on Boardwalk and Park Place and hauled ass for Monte Carlo.

**Ruy Lopez Opening**  
(1 e4 e5 2 Nf3 Nf6 3 Bb5)

## Scotch Opening

The Scotch opening is not for rank amateurs. Many of those unprepared for the Scotch Opening have spent the night wrapped around the toilet bowl, the match finished without

strategy has produced its share of stalemates, who gotta talk about their dull jobs and loser old boyfriends afterward.

**Scotch Opening**  
(1 e4 e5 2 Nf3 Nf6 3 d4 exd4 4 Bc4)

## King's Gambit

According to legend, the King's Gambit is based on a pre-Elvis fable. Emperor Napoleon, King of France and general hard-case, hated chess but liked to organize matches—winner wins, loser dies. The participating peasants did not like them that much. The losers liked them even less. Chess became a pre-battle ritual for the Emperor. After particularly exciting matches, Napoleon doffed the cap (and attached head) of the loser, mounted his steed (always using a condom), and raced off to play Cowboys and Indians with the local kids who hated letting the squirt play. They had to, though, because he brought the guns.

**King's Gambit**  
(1 e4 e5 2 f4)

## Queen's Gambit

The Queen's Gambit is the latest cause célèbre in the chess world. A spinoff of the King's Gambit, the Queen's has always been relegated to secondary status. In the last century, a controversy has brewed around issues of the Queen. If the King cannot move as well as the Queen, why is it so important? In front of FIDE, radicals proposed a rule change making the Queen the



vital piece, but the proposition was rejected for being sexy. Incensed, and reeking of Lysol as well, feminists turned to the Queen's Gambit. Its first proponent was Gloria Steinem whose recent book *The Revolution Within Chess* topped the bestsellers' lists. Some of the foremost (well, five-most) women players in the world have adopted and modified the Queen's Gambit. With a new carb and racing tires, it now threatens the King's Gambit for the championship. However, the old-boy network is resisting. Many cite statistics stating that the Queen's Gambit is only 63 percent as successful as the King's Gambit. The ever-watchful Chess Maniac vehemently opposes the Queen's Gambit, calling it a "dirty female trick."

**Queen's Gambit**  
(1 d4 d5 2 c4)

## English Opening

With factories closing down and huge numbers on the public dole, the English Opening is a difficult one to secure. However, the growing heirs to the throne require chess lessons, not to mention regular electrolysis. Prospects for the future are good, especially Edmund, bastard son of Gloucester, who last month sent the Prince of Denmark crying home to Mommy and his murderous stepfather. In spite of Edmund's recent success, his legitimate brother Edgar has a slightly higher ranking which Edmund, a proud young man, contests.

**English Opening**  
(1 c4)

## Hyperspace Opening

(1 Qxa8). If you are permitted to go this way (check the street signs), you're going to win anyway. However, should your opponent be clever enough to counter with a similar move (1 ... Qxa1), remind him that his move is valid only in the juniors tournaments of Outer Slovenia in odd numbered years.

According to FIDE. It's in the rules. [Section number unavailable. For a clarification, refer your opponent to the big stick next to your chair. -Ed.]

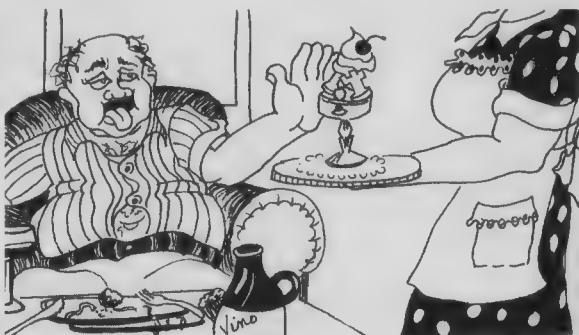
## Defenses

These are good barriers against any affrontery you may receive from any chess boors. Hey babe, check out this pocket protector!

## Sicilian Defense

The Sicilian Defense is an offer that no one can refuse. Originally designed by Momma Corleone, a competitive National Master, the Sicilian softens up the opponent with enormous servings of linguini, foccacia, prosciutto and Menuudo. At its best, the Sicilian has been known to induce a sweaty food-coma more suited to remote control operation than high-level chess play. Momma eventually gave up the Sicilian when the Don, her regular opponent, was forced to 12-step through Overeaters Anonymous. They have since retired from chess, content to feed off the fat check from a SlimFast endorsement.

**Sicilian Defense**  
(1 e4 c5)



## French Defense

Not Applicable. (See Résistance.) And they still chicken out of NATO.

**French Defense**  
(1 e4 e6)

## Caro-Kann Defense

Siamese twins since the age of four, Caro and Kann built a perfect record as a tag team in matches-in-consultation and in the World Wrestling Federation. Their career, however, was short-lived. Joined at the lips, they starved to death at the age of 11. Their legacy is a high-quality defense and a bitchin' set of action figures.

### Caro-Kann Defense

(1 e4 c6)

## Dutch Defense

Late in life, notorious gangster Dutch Schultz found a love for chess and "influenced" FIDE to name a defense in his honor. Not much of a player, Schultz nevertheless had an amazing record of success, particularly against his many one-legged opponents. According to chess historians, a victor against Dutch Schultz has yet to be found. Grandmaster Ivan Finkel tutored Schultz and used those earnings to finance a brand-new wheelchair. Through his agent, of the FBI Witness Protection Program, Finkel said, "Dutch always treated me well. Even when things were going badly on the chess board, he still used only the plastic bullets on my behind."

### Dutch Defense

(1 d4 f5)

## Petroff Defense

Not to be confused with the Pet Rock Defense, which requires a chunk of granite and a strong pitching arm, the Petroff Defense is named after, well, some guy named Petroff. Not much is known about this medieval player except that he failed Assertiveness Training in school and got picked last for kickball. More satisfied with a resounding draw, Petroff readily permitted his opponents to take the White pieces and therefore the initiative. So reticent was Petroff that he failed to breathe during one opponent's turn and subsequently col-

lapsed at the table, knocked the pieces asunder, and thus forfeited the match. When revived and informed of his disqualification by the tournament director, Petroff humbly asked for permission to remove the Bishop lodged in his own nostril. There is little other information on Petroff other than he died some months later of a common cold.

### Petroff Defense

(1 e4 e5 2 Nf3 Nf6)

## Two Knights Defense

Contrary to popular and nerd mythology, the Two Knights Defense has little to do with the Knights of the chessboard. Nor, as the *Enquirer* would have you believe, does it have anything to do with Cher's sexual proclivities. Rather (Dan to his friends), Grandmaster James Beam coined the term in reference to the daily bottle of Two Knights Fortified Wine needed to quell the swirling demons in his head. A variation of the defense is the False Two Knights: in a hopeless situation, the losing side feigns sleep at the table and mutters about stir-fried thighs and Big Daddy's favorite chop block.

### Two Knight's Defense

(1 e4 e5 2 Nf3 Nc6 3 Bc4 Nf6)

## Skunk Defense

The Skunk requires that the user never, ever bathe again. Also known as the Frog Skin Defense, the Skunk has had dramatic effects in tournament play. Chess purists have long favored the Skunk Defense as a means of discouraging the pretenders. However, the Skunk is an inherently risky position, as one's own concentration may be affected. Dan Druff, a reigning regional champion, was forced to withdraw from a title defense because of festering boils. In addition, if the user is single when invoking the Skunk, it is highly likely that he or she will remain single. On the positive side, one's phone bill will be significantly curtailed. 🦨



**BRONX BROS.**  
New York

**THE SIMPERING PANSY**  
London

**MISSHAPED MAN**  
Chernobyl

**PxQ**

by Rook



# Playing Chess Maniac

*A guide to the downs and outs of Chess World—America's latest and greatest amusement park*

*By Warren J. Colossus*

SIX FLAGS? THAT BANNER DOESN'T wave around here. Mice hopped up on Prozac? There's no Mickey-ing around in this amusement park, no sir! I chanced to visit this "Land of Dreams" a few weeks ago before it opened (special invite only, general public not invited). It was somewhat hard to find, hidden way out in the Sierra Nevada foothills eight miles off I-50, jammed in between a Stuckey's and 10 different gas stations/mini marts. The nearest burg was some rinky-dink dullsville called Mud, whose biggest entertainment was Sunday

brunch at the local Woolworth's. With the anticipated onslaught of rabid, cash-wielding tourists, however, they're considering starting Tuesday Bingo at the Y.

What appears here is a little field guide to the best places to go and in what order you should see the sights. It should take you less than a day to see every part of the park, from the Bucking Black Stallion Ride (three lives claimed to date!) to the ever-so-tricky Chess Maniac Fudge Dodge and, of course, the Primordial Squeegie Exhibit. So if you're ready, strap yourself

in, plunk down your \$29.95 and get ready for the rides and thrills of your life as only CQ could see them.

## Sound Setup

The wrong setup here could make the wondrous music and sound effects of the park seem worse than a jackhammer on the morning of New Year's Day. So, to adjust your sound options before entering the park itself (and that's the only place you can change these settings), type

## WARNING!

*All the following instructions naturally assume you've installed Chess Maniac 5 Billion and 1 to your hard drive. If you haven't stepped through this first turnstile, please, please follow the directions on the Installation and Loading Card in your package. Otherwise, the ticket taker won't let you through and you'll miss all the fun!*

**You must be REALLY high!**

CM5 S and then  from the DOS prompt. If you have any other problems, or can't get your car to start in Chess World's parking lot, just call AAA. The friendly yellow truck will be sure to drop by sometime in the next two hours to help you out.



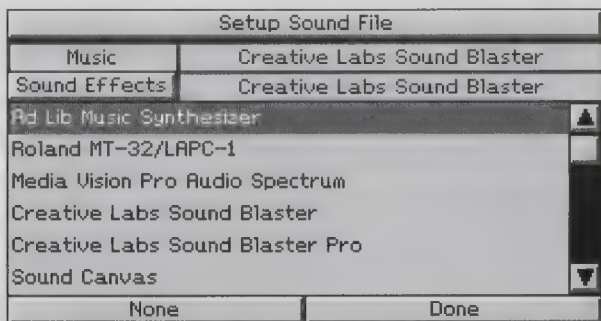
# Sound Setup Window

Just to the left of the turnstile gates, you can spot the Karaoke-'Til-You-Puke Booth. That's where you'll see the Sound Setup Window and some white guys feebly trying to rap. Just look for the "Setup Sound File" sign and listen for the out-of-sync music. When approaching the booth, you'll see two options on the top: **Music** and **Sound Effects**. When you select one of these two, you get scrolling list of choices in the window below. Finally, there are two buttons at the bottom: **None** and **Done**. (None and Done, by the way, are two of the travelling minstrels in Chess World. Don't mess with them too much, though; they're somewhat touchy after their acrobatic harp fiasco in the last Olympics.)

## Changing Sound Options

You really don't want to spend too much time here, since the lines are long and there's never any toilet paper. But if you have to go, you have to go. Just ignore the pathetic people singing off-key Shaun Cassidy songs. They all think they can "make it" with the perfect demo tape. Underneath each option in this

window, you'll see the current sound effects or music choice. To change any option category, click that option using the mouse or move to the option using the **[Tab]** key and select it with the **[Enter]** key. One of the clerks will then point to her scroll box, and it's nowhere near her belt. You sick, twisted puppy.



Once an option category is selected, you can scroll through the available choices by clicking the up and down arrows on the scroll box or by using the **[↑]** and **[↓]** keys.

After browsing around the list and finding the one that works for you, click on the option or hit the **[Enter]** key. Those of you with an Ad Lib card can hear music, but you won't get sound effects. Without any sound card, you're SOL for cool tunes and stuff. If you want no music or sound effects, select the category and hit **None**. Ouch! That's gotta hurt! Of course,

the park isn't very exciting without the screams and shouts of lost kids and the obnoxious Black Sabbath/Beach Boys Muzak piped in from the bushes.

After you're finished making all your choices, hit **Done**. This, by the way, is one of the only times you can actually pummel one of the park's employees without much fear of retaliation. Afterward, with the abused, formerly cacaphonous minstrel sprawled on the ground, the minimum-wage, pimply clerk will hand you your \$10 low-bias tape, save your options and allow you to go to the first ride. Keep in mind that if you buy a new



sound card later, you'll have to stand in line again and change your sound options here. Keep a close eye on Done as you leave, he may look for revenge later.

## Opening Extravaganza

Just under the park's entrance, after the photo stand, the grand Opening Sequence will commence. Not quite the Electric Light Orchestra Parade, but it had a good beat and I could dance to it. Dick Clark, eat your heart out!

## Spectrum Splash Screen

Chess World's promoter, the Mighty Interactive Entertainment Company Spectrum HoloByte, gets first crack at your attention and you can watch the gummi worm turn a myriad of lovely colors before your very eyes. Kinda got me a little choked up. No, you can't hit the spacebar. Watch it. Enjoy it. Love it. Live it.

## Animations and Title Screen

You will now be treated to the blockbuster opening animation sequence and credits roll. I hope. It was still under construction when I was there. With any luck, they've finished it by press time. After the titles run their course, you get the honor of viewing the Question and Answer Screens. Lucky you!

## Question and Answer Screens

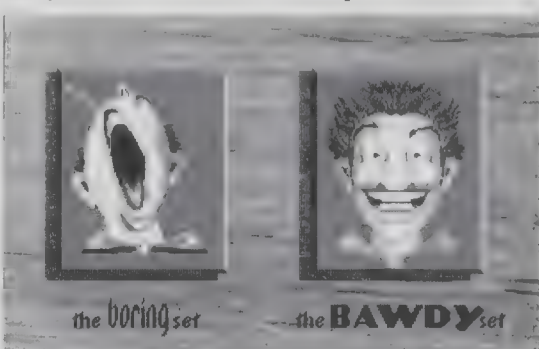
Yikes! Watch out for the Software Police. You'll see them everywhere, from the Overpriced Gift Shops to the Nasty Lard-Filled Hot Dog Stands. They're watching to make sure you don't rip off the parent corporation. And if they catch you...hoo boy! Then you're in for it, son. You got a license for that software?

One of Chess World's lovely hostesses will then ask you four questions. Answer them

honestly and truthfully. Remember, God is watching. The fourth question will ask you to refer to this month's CQ. Since you've got it in your hands, no problem. Just look for the quotes 'n' stuff on the page indicated. After you answer it the first time, it won't ask again unless you move the program. Or move to Cleveland, whichever comes first.

## Set Selection Screen

Here's the easiest part of the park. You've got only two choices. If you can't figure it out, sell your computer and buy a Game Boy. The picture on the left chooses the Boring set and the one on the right, the Bawdy set. Move the mouse or the arrow keys to your choice and then click the mouse or press **[Enter]**.



## Boring vs. Bawdy Sets

In case you missed it, you can play with one of two different sets, the characters of which you'll see wandering around the park at times. (You might recognize a couple of them; they were used in Doublemint ads a couple years back.) One set has the traditional Staunton chess pieces that everyone knows and loathes. Thus the name: the Boring set.

The other group of pieces are livelier and tend to engage in strange punching (or is it mating?) rituals. In this Bawdy set, there are two sides: Persian and Medieval. Their mug shots and bios appear later in the issue. Remember, you're going to see these guys all over the park so get used to their faces.

## Moving Pieces

After you choose a set, you've arrived in the main area of the park. Let the game begin! If you're playing with the Boring set, check out those kooky backdrops. No, it's not your imagination, they are metamorphosing into your worst teenage surrealistic post-fast food night-

*Stand back, take a break and perhaps visit the Slide-o-Slime.  
It was particularly gooey when I took the plunge.*

mares. Most of the park's options can be found on the Menu Bar. *[Check out the review later on in the ish if you've got any questions. -Ed.]*

Anyway, now that you're familiar with (and probably sick of) the entrance to the park, you're ready to learn how to get around. No, not that kind of getting around. I mean how to move the pieces about the screen. Basically you've got two methods: mouse or keyboard. The people mover wasn't put in when I was there. Their union is pretty booked up this time of year.

Also, when you're scootin' the pointer around with the keyboard, you have the fabulous option of combining it with **[Alt]** (for BIG movements) or **[Ctrl]** (for small movements).

### Mouse

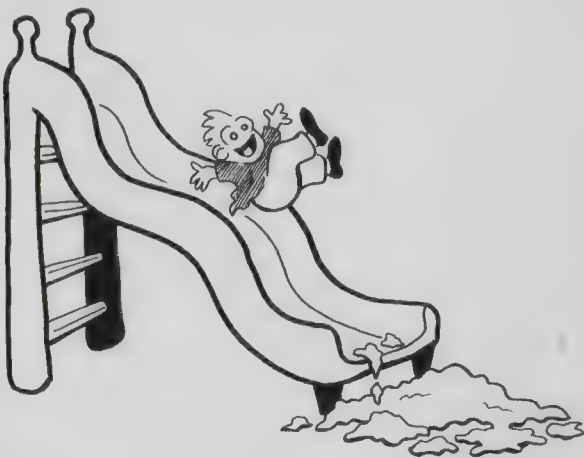
Unless it gets trodden underfoot, the mouse is the nimblest and easiest way to move the pieces around. Move the pointer to the piece you want and press and hold the left button. When you've got a hold of the piece, the square underneath it will turn black as pitch. Then drag the piece to its final destination to be and release the button. (You'll see that ominous black square wherever you drag the piece.) If it's an illegal move, the piece will snap back to its original location. Generally near the snack bar. The right mouse but-

ton will access Le Menu Bar (a new chain restaurant at the park replacing Church's Chicken).

### Keyboard

To move pieces with the keyboard, use the arrow keys to direct the cursor to the piece you

want to move. Then, hit **[Enter]** to select it and move it using the arrow keys to its destination square. Hit **[Enter]** again to drop 'er down on the board. (**[Esc]** cancels.) If you use the **[Alt]** key with the arrow keys when moving around a piece, you can move square to square! Or, you can simply type in your move using Coordinate notation *[see How to Play Chess. -Ed.]*, and the piece will magically move to that square. It's easier if you bring up the Clock windows (**[Alt]** **[1]**) so you can see your move as you type. The little guys don't usually take



kindly to being pushed around the board, so they're apt to pick fights. Stand clear, take a break and perhaps visit the Slide-o-Slime. It was particularly gooey when I took the plunge. Just don't open your mouth.



## Special Commands

Whether you use the mouse or keyboard to travel around the park, you've got another couple of places to visit. These ought to help you out if you're in a really tight jam.

### Display Legal Move

The north side of the park houses the Annoying Security building, home of the Software Police. They'll be able to tell you what directions you can move your current piece. Just point at the piece you want to move with the mouse or arrow keys and press [L]. All legal moves will be displayed as flashing black squares. Other moves are strictly *verboten* and the software police will bounce you right to your starting position posthaste. No, you don't get your admission back.

### Identify Piece

If you're having trouble making out which piece is which, just drop by the Disinformation Booth in the center of the park. Move the cursor to the piece you can't recognize and press the left and right mouse buttons or the [I] key. You'll be rewarded by a little ID window with all the pertinent info. And if you're lucky, the hostess might point out the fountain where they buried Jimmy Hoffa.

## Game Windows

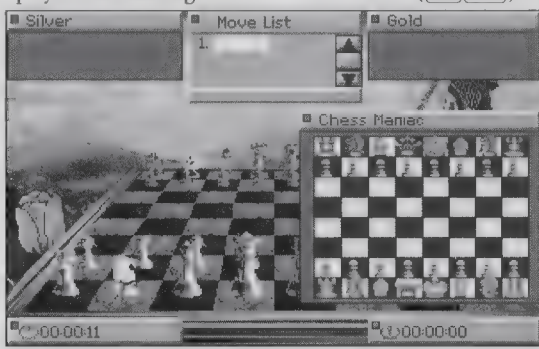
Of course, around the main park are the obligatory side attractions, what Chess World calls the Game Windows. These consist of the Clock, Move List, Captured Pieces and Small Board windows. They can be opened, closed

and moved around the screen. If you've got a keyboard, go to the window's title bar and press [Enter]. Then, you can move the windows about. [Enter] drops them. Also, their position can be saved for future play by the Save Current option under the Configuration section of the File menu. They generally hang out near the Women's Restroom/Little Brat Talcum Powder Changing Area.

## 2-D vs. 3-D Play Mode

Most of the time you'll play in 3-D board mode. However, you can switch to a 2-D board mode ([Alt][F1]) if you're having spatial trouble or an

inner-eye problem where you can't see in 3-D. If you go to 2-D mode, you won't see any of the nifty animations, cool backgrounds or many of the other effects. It's basically like watching



Chess World's Grodie-to-the-IMAX film on a Sony Watchman. But, hey! The option's there. Whip back to 3-D with the [Alt][F2] combo.

### Moving the 3-D Board

These are a few sure ways to turn the park on its ear! You can move the 3-D board left ([F3]), right ([F4]), in ([F5]), out ([F6]), rotate it clockwise ([F7]) or counterclockwise ([F8]), even zoom the board in ([F1]) and out ([F2]), tilt it up ([F9]) and down ([F10]), move the whole board up (+) or down (-). In case you mess up real bad and the board is lying sideways off the screen, you can hit [R] to reset it to its original position. Just be careful when you move the board around, 'cause the pieces tend to slip off faster than a minibike on black ice.

## Distractions

Did I forget to mention these? Something else must have been on my mind. Your computer opponent, the All-Powerful and Odoriferous

*None and Done will be more than happy to personally escort you to the exit, probably with the soles of their hobnailed boots.*

Chess Maniac really wants to win. I mean, *really* wants to win. He'll do anything at any-time anywhere. That is, if you're playing with the Bawdy set, and the Bawdy set only. The Boring set is far too sedate for his warped mind, so he won't cheat or distract you there. While you're wandering about, keep an eye on those munchkins in the Kiddy King Go-Karts. They're like 5-year-olds on the ski slopes: no turns, no brakes, no brains.

I'm not going to spoil any of the Chess Maniac's surprises, but be warned: *nothing* is below his sensibilities or his bad taste. That's all I'm going to say.

## Cheating

If you're lucky (or unlucky, as the case may be and usually is), you might see the Grand Pooh-Bah of Stench Himself, the Chess Maniac, skulking about in the park, looking for unsuspecting squirrels to waylay. He's a crafty one and may try to nab one of your pieces whilst you nap. Hear that music? Sounds fishy to me. Give him a slap on the wrist by whacking any key if he tries anything. That'll teach him.

## Ending the Game

Well, now that you've visited the entire park, there's only one thing left to do... leave. None and Done will be more than happy to personally escort you to the exit, probably with the soles of their hobnailed boots. Your checker-board-patterned cotton candy will shortly follow into the parking lot amid jeers of "Good

riddance!" The park may have rude staff, but they've got "flare." Flare *guns*, that is.

If you actually manage to *defeat* the Great and Stinky Chess Maniac, you will be rewarded with some fudge. Not really, but you

will be treated to a victory animation from one of the lovely park attendants. Yum, yum! Of course, if you lose (as will be on occasion with His Offensiveness), you will be berated with scorn and a never-ending chorus of "Hot Cross Buns." You can then start a new game by pressing **[Alt][N]** or going to the Action menu and selecting New Game. If you then want to change sets, you can do so by choosing Select Set from the Option menu.

## In Conclusion

Chess World is definitely a unique place, one of the most unusual parks you will encounter west of the Imelda Marcos Shoe Tree in Long Stick, New Mexico. Park officials claim that more than 10,000 people will enter Chess World this calendar year alone, no more than half of which will be park employees and free tickets from local radio stations. They didn't say how many patrons would leave, though.

Even with all the park employees' gruffness, the En Passant Roller Coaster and Queen's Gambit Derail Train Ride are sure to thrill and amuse even the most doubting of Thomases. Be sure to carry loads of traveller's checks and, for safety, always keep them in your front pocket. Even with Chess World employees, there is no honor among thieves. My only complaint was that I kept waiting for the promised semi-nude girls to tap dance on my forehead, but none arrived. I guess they're coming later as part of the final package. C'est la vie. ❧

# Looking for Mister Chess Maniac

By Lonnie  
Schinkflint

I find myself standing next to a rusty fire hydrant on Bobby Thompson Way in a downscale section of Brooklyn. My toes are freezing, trapped in Florscheims meant for a heated office downtown. Across the street, two kids in heavy parkas are beating the tar out of each other, rolling in a gunky heap of snow and mud. "*Bonilla's* better, ya buttole," I hear. One kid has pinned the other and is furiously burying mud-stuff in his ear hole. It is Saturday. Spring training is two months away.

I yell at them to stop, but they don't. Settling this war of baseball factoids is more important than having a clean pair of Buster Browns. It is an obsession, much like the obsessive world in which I am about to enter.

Inside my briefcase is a brand-new notebook, my favorite teddy bear, and a Dictaphone borrowed from the secretary of my boss in a warm office on the sunny West Coast. These devices I am supposed to fill with the wit and wisdom of the Chess Maniac, an orally dyslexic genius of the chess world who has agreed to give the first interview of his life. That wit and wisdom turned into words, those words turned into another boss whom I have never met. To a boss who telegraphed me this morning with a long list of rumors to clarify. Rumors of a clown fetish. A tryst with Shirley MacLaine, every single one of them. Links to BCCI and John Gotti. It is the first interview of my life, as well.

Who is this  
guy? What does  
he do? And  
what makes  
him America's  
greatest chess  
pop icon?

“H e’s not around?” I cannot understand why this woman’s door is open so wide. This is Brooklyn. Mafia territory. My name is not Vinnie. I have no pompadour. I feel naked and vulnerable and long for my staple gun.

Across the old lady’s apron blow the loose ends of a macrame place mat. She smiles gently and shakes her head. The Chess Maniac is out. Her grandson will love his dinner setting with the Bon Jovi design.

“If he isn’t downstairs, try Washington Square in Manhattan.” She smiles again. Behind her, a hairy imp with a Walkman—and with presumably one fourth of this sweet lady’s gene pool—thunks his skull against the living room wall in ¾ time.

No one answers the door to the basement apartment. Jammed in the door crack is his mail: a catalog of Barbie Dolls, a big envelope from Ed McMahon and a postcard of a jaundiced woman in the slums of Warsaw. The other side is riddled with cryptic math and a scribble at the bottom (22 Nb8). Back on the street, one dirty kid is chasing the other dirty kid with a stick, around and around the iron hulk of a Chevy on blocks.

I n its better days, Washington Square Park was home to poets. The soft lilt of verse has been

drowned in the splatter of jackhammers, the blather of psychotics and the intermittent click of chess pieces. In a corner, beneath a leafless tree, hovers a group of men around makeshift tables. Dug into the bark of the tree are the words, “Bobby Fischer call your Mother.”

“He was here Thursday,” a thin, acne-ridden teenager tells me. His eyes are fixed on the board, oblivious to the bloated pigeon on his shoulder, threatening to deposit his earnings of the day. “Really beat the pants off Funski. Chess Maniac sang ‘Hot Cross Buns’ over and over. Boy, was Funski mad! Imagine, a grown man crying over chess.” (Some time later, a hanging Rook costs this young man the match in an all-comers tournament. He attempts chess seppuku right at the table. A doctor at the tournament successfully removes the King piece jammed down his throat. The young man can no longer speak. Maury Povich is planning to cover the story for his Valentine’s Day Special: “The Love of Chess.”)

“What the hell you want with that creep? He ain’t no good.” A heavyset man in a Post Office uniform says, his half-full mail bag dangerously close to a primordial puddle of food ooze. He has four pieces left, and his opponent is staring off into space. From the crazed look in the opponent’s eye, he must see the Shuttle in transit overhead.

The pimply teenager pipes in, “Better than you. You ever beat the Chess Maniac?”

“Never seen him. Only played some guy in a Dumbo mask.” The mailman snarls and returns to his war.

The game. A way of life that I do not understand. My closest association with chess is ad copy that I penned for a cologne called Distraction. The research was nothing extraordinary. I learned



“It’ll cost ya three bucks.” He grunts, like a feral swine lusting for a stack of rice cakes.

a few buzzwords. I turned in my copy and promptly forgot about it. Apparently this guy, the Chess Maniac, didn’t. Months later, he wants to speak to me, the writer who has finally made him smell remotely like a human being.

“Hey. You guys hear?” The mailman looks up from his table. “Chess Maniac’s playing Fischer by mail.”

A chorus rises up. The mailman’s opponent nearly jumps out of his seat. In a thick German accent, he screams, “Lies! Venomous lies! A mere ruse! Do not listen to this imbecile! He is about to be crushed!”

The mailman stands and grandly unzips his standard issue jacket. “No, it’s true. I talked to the guy who’s got him on his route. By my count, Fischer leads four and a half to four.”

Everyone crowds around the mailman. This is news. He reaches into his jacket. The losing position on the board is forgotten. His opponent, wary of a deception, remains seated, nose inches from the pieces, his fists in his ears. The mailman shows a few scraps of paper on which are written the work of two titans. Fischer and the Chess Maniac. A match debated for years. And now, it’s happening, behind the bar codes and stamp paste of the U.S. Mail. Perhaps it is Fischer who ogles the women of Warsaw.

These sickly faces bubble with excitement, but no one else in the park seems to be aware of the significance. Some of the players’ faces are not pleasant to regard. Weather-beaten, hard. Outdoor faces. One guy has what appears to be a spore growing out of a cheek, an asexual child that’s three shades darker than his own pallid skin. There are no women here.

“Hey, mister,” a ruddy-cheeked kid tugs at my coat. He wears a torn denim jacket beneath which is a white T-shirt emblazoned with the words, “Chess, Drugs, and Rook n Roll.” “I got something for ya.”

He reaches into his pocket, but stops, as if he remembers something. “It’ll cost ya three bucks.” He grunts, like a feral swine lusting for a stack of rice cakes.

“I don’t have three bucks.”

“Don’t show it, Darrin. He’s bluffing,” says the mailman, his eyes tracking his various slips of paper around the ring. I wonder if some IRS refund checks are stored in this guy’s closet, next to his automatic pistol and David Berkowitz scrapbook.

Darrin thinks for a minute. He is suspicious of me, as suspi-



cious as he is of an opponent across the board. Childhood innocence was left at home with his baseball cards. A 12-year-old swindler has me over a barrel. I'm glad that my co-workers are three thousand miles away. Where my brand-new motorcycle came from, I'll never tell. Finally, Darrin relents.

"Here," he extends his hand. "He told me to hold onto 'em." The stuff in my hand is viscous-wet. I can't help but drop it.

"What's this?" I ask. On the ground are a rusty sink faucet and a Wonder Bread bag filled with neatly folded fast food wrappers. I pick them up. The bag is dripping.

Darrin stares at me, a stare so self-possessed that this pudgy kid is making me uncomfortable. "Give 'em back," he says sharply. "You don't know nothing about the Chess Maniac."

He returns the artifacts to his coat pocket and ducks into the buzzing circle. Flaky rust dribbles off my fingertips.

"You might try over at Café Salzberg," offers a thin man with food flecks in his patchy beard. "He plays over there sometimes. He hasn't been around much lately. I heard something about too much feggle in his system." The man returns to his bag of potato chips. Feggle? Did Fischer ever have a problem with "feggle"?

F

or a public restaurant, the Café Salzberg is inordinately quiet. Those not

huddled over a chessboard are either reading a chess book or babbling in sign language. I order a cappuccino. On its bottom, the cup has tiny rubber feet.

No one here seems to match the description given to me over the phone by my editor. That description dates from the last known sighting of the Chess Maniac, panhandling for fudge outside a Wendy's in Newark, New Jersey. A small, stoop-shouldered man, about 65. Snowy-moustache like Albert Einstein. Only a nervous twitch of the nose and the torrent of his play belie that image. Kids love him, I was told, until they play him.

"You're slurping too loud." I can barely hear the voice behind me. I turn, nose to nose with a human chest. I look up, way up. A large friendly face touches his finger to his lips, like a librarian. He points outside.

"Only the most serious of the serious play at Salzberg." Morton Leperthize, a local aficionado, offers his hand and his card. "There's a kind of pledgeship here. Sixty games in a row. No time limit. No bathroom breaks. When he's around, the Chess Maniac is the worst pledge master of them all." Leperthize has carved a niche in the New York chess scene as an instructor and street agent for promising kids. He enters them in tournaments and negotiates entry fees for the most promising. Most often, they are paid in Nintendo cartridges. As his cut, Leperthize retains visitation privileges on the weekends.

The Chess Maniac, Morton informs me, might have been among the elite. His early games were marked by such ferocity that only the bravest locals would dare a regulation match. Speed chess was simply out of the question. He grunted like a primal animal, a horny dog of some kind. Win or lose, it was scary to behold. The Chess Maniac did things on the chessboard that baffled his opponents. Unheard of openings. Hanging Pawns. Naked thighs. And the legendary



flatulence: a bass tuba on volume 11, known to sterilize porn stars at 50 yards.

Lepertize saw him in several tournaments, all from which he was disqualified. The Chess Maniac could not sit still, let alone control himself. The other players filed complaints against his colon. Fearful that the world of chess might let a genius slip through its cracks, Lepertize took the Chess Maniac aside to explain the etiquette of tournament chess, yet he found himself assaulted by breath as foul as a mouldy bloodwurst sausage.

When the Chess Maniac tried to stick a stumpy finger in Lepertize's ear, he knew the cause of serious chess was lost upon this creature.

"Haven't seen him in a tournament in 10 years." His big droopy eyes are lost in a sea of memory too arcane for mainstream American culture.

My rubberized cappuccino has gone cold. "Do you know where he might be?"

He smiles and flicks a wave of his hand. For the first time, I notice the rings, a big high-school graduation number for each piece on the chess board. "No, sorry. But if you're interested in some lessons..."

I polish off the last of my drink. A greasy hippie and his girlfriend pull up in an old VW bus. They have come from Oklahoma to the famous Café Salzberg. Lepertize signs an autograph, and as I hail a cab, they talk of chess, perhaps about the Chess Maniac, too.

A

t night, the stairs to the basement apartment are far more

treacherous. I step carefully, recalling a moist fungus on the third step earlier in the day. There is no light outside the door.

From the corner of the stairwell, a dark shape startles me. I bend to look closer and discover a pet-carrying cage. Inside is a stuffed chipmunk, its private parts covered by a Ding Dong wrapper. Pinned to its chest is a button of the Chess Maniac being photographed with Evel Knievel outside some place called the Pus Be Us. I spend a moment assimilating all of these things into a logical framework. But there is none.

I knock on the door. It swings open with a creak. My nose is assaulted by the overwrought smell of Distraction, a cross between Dynasty cologne and Spic n Span. Underneath this tidal

wave lurks a miasma of odors far more menacing. They elicit images of decomposing roadkill. A pit drops down my throat. It does not hit bottom.

By the light of a solitary banker's lamp, I can see a wooly-headed figure crouched low over a card table, his back to the door. A hiss, like a cat with emphysema, purls back. The Chess Maniac is in.

"Goo-Good evening," I say. "I had a hard time—"

"You're late. Your move." His voice whines like a dental drill.

The sea-green light doesn't spread to all the corners of the basement. Shapes are out there, over near the solitary window high on the wall, peering ground-level at the back of a dumpster in the alley. I circle around to the waiting chair opposite this most elusive man. The description matches: snowy moustache, dirty lab coat, rabbit-twitch nose.

I try to make small talk, a joke about his stuffed animal outside. The Chess Maniac remains calm, alert and silent. The Queen's Pawn of White, a Belly Dancer, is two squares out. I move my Black Pawn, a Jester, to the square directly in front of the Belly Dancer. Immediately, another Belly Dancer jumps out two squares. Nerve fingers race down my forearms. I am seated in front of a man who can match wits with the most celebrated chess lords of all time. And has induced vomiting in at least half of them. I inhale the Distraction cologne and pray that he has a full atomizer. On the table next to the Chess Maniac sits a milk carton stacked with neatly wrapped fast-food containers. Periodically, he fondles a cardboard one from Burger King.

"Shall we begin?" I open my briefcase.

Before I can flinch, he snatches my teddy bear out of the case. It disappears inside his soiled lab coat. As a young man, he worked in a urology lab, but was fired for stealing samples. According

to the psychologists, it was a kind of kleptomania of envy triggered by his own kidney stones. Years later, city utility workers detected a leak of 18-molar uric acid from his ear but determined the pressure of its release to be too large to safely close. And poor Teddy is smothered dangerously close to this thermonuclear war-head. I look at the extra bulge in the Chess Maniac's coat and wish for Teddy a swift and merciful death.

"Your move," he mutters.

I move forward another Jester. Immediately, the Chess Maniac is on his feet, barreling about the room, shouting with glee. He belts out a medley of "Hot Cross Buns," Frank



**A**s a young man, he worked in a urology lab, but was fired for stealing samples.



Sinatra and assorted Jimi Hendrix tunes. The cacophony of lyrics cannot mask the crash of hidden things rammed and battered out of the way. I duck under the table and roll into a human pill bug. My third-grade teacher was obsessed with earthquake safety, and I thank Mrs. Highball for it. I do not return to my seat until I am confronted under the table with a filthy, striped sneaker.

"Your move," he says, rubbing his temples like Jack Nicholson.

This place is too dark, too hellish. I turn on the only other light in the dump. It has no shade, and for a moment, I can see nothing but the afterimage of the last thing viewed, a velvet poster of Andy Gibb on the wall, one corner untaped. This is not my gig, I tell myself. Tomorrow, the editor of *CQ* gets a phone call, and I go back to the Bunion Digger. I will turn on the Dictaphone, ask his questions, and then go for a Philly cheese steak and a very tall beer. I try to push the corner of Andy Gibb back against the wall.

The Dictaphone is on as I wander about the room. Behind the stairway to the house, a small kitchenette harbors a motley pile of lab tools and a stack of hardback books. They are all on chess, except for one on Tetris Theory. There is no refrigerator.

"What do you eat for dinner?" I ask.

"Your move." His nose bounces like a marionette.

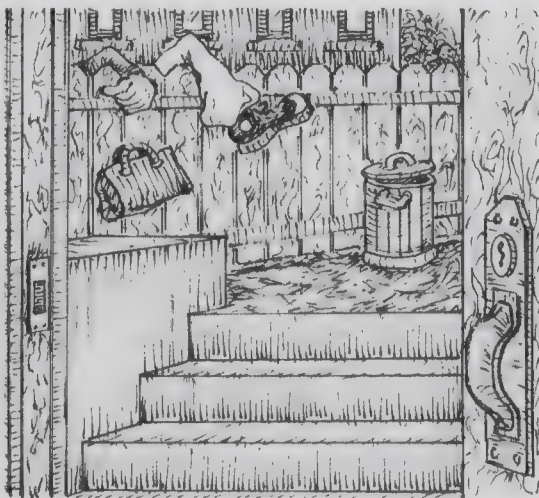
I shuffle back onto the concrete floor, resigned to defeat on the chessboard and in my interview. Maybe he'll answer a question or two after I am thoroughly humiliated. I wander about the other parts of the room. To the Chess Maniac, I do not exist, except when I am seated opposite him. As if governed by a mind of their own, his fingers rummage through the stacks of food containers, in search of God knows what.

A supermarket shopping cart is parked beneath the window. Its basket contains a pile of metal junk: prefab siding, a hubcap, an animal's prosthesis. "What is all this junk?"

I turn to find the Chess Maniac urgently beckoning me to follow him into the bathroom. As a general rule, I try not to share my bathroom visits with other men. Nevertheless, this is unanticipated. He wants to speak. Maybe there's a new motorcycle at the end of this nightmare after all. It is dark in the can. My hands unconsciously slide to protect my sacred territory. He's standing inches from my face, yet I can sense nothing save the sweetness of Distraction.

"Don't, don't you ever mention my supplies." His breath is short and rapid. "The other chess sets will get jealous, and that would be bad." I am confused by his sudden near-lucidity. Is the whole Chess Maniac bit merely an act? Is it the grandest game of self-promotion and psychological warfare? I begin to speak, but he clamps a thick paw over my mouth. He tells me to count to 60 and then to follow him out. That way, nothing will appear suspicious. I taste lard on my lips.

When I leave the bathroom, the front door is open and the room is empty. On a Wendy's fries bag is scrawled, "Mate in 12." I run out the door to see a sneaker and a battered chess case flop over the back fence.



At the front gate, I nearly topple over a short woman carrying a steaming pot with hot mitts. Dorothy, a court stenographer, blushes when she describes her relationship with the Chess Maniac. She proudly shows the Spiderman ring on her fourth finger, a promise. Her macaroni and cheese is his favorite, she says. I do not tell her that he has left, in search of more worthy opponents, in search of his one true love.

\*

\*

\*

*Epilogue: Weeks later, I received a phone call at work. A voice, a dental drill on high, challenged me to a rematch. It took a moment to recognize and to remember the shellacking rained down upon my head. In the middle of a first draft of copy for a Chia Welcome Mat ad, I tersely said that I don't play chess, that all my chess knowledge will be on the newsstands in two weeks. I heard the word "Patzner" and a dial tone. ♣*

# CHESS DO IT.

## 24<sup>HOUR</sup>

### CHESS 'TIL YOU CRAMP

- 10 AeroChess Machines
- Free-Weight Bench Chess
- Adjustable Tanning Booths  
(Jaundice, Orange Blush, Chemo-Purple)
- Training Grounds of LUGG NUTTE,  
Middleweight Contender

## \$10

PER MONTH

- No Initiation
- No Coaches' References
- No Food Stamps

## 1-999-Ded-Lift

(Ask for Wyndieh, our perky ex-cheerleader)



*You Know What They Say: A Big Brain Means A Big...*

# Le Menu Bar

*"Waiter? The checkmate please?"*

*By Pat Swanson-Stouffer*

"YOU SIMPLY *MUST* GO," BRUCE TOLD me over cognacs. "Sakes alive, Cher was there." Dinner had been a bit *déclassé* that night, the duck too *à l'orange*, the conversation a bit flambéd. For the past hour, Bruce had been raving about Le Menu Bar, the latest restaurant fad to hit the West Coast. Bruce can get a bit gassy at times, which requires a few aspirin for a night on the town.

On the dance floor at Bounce-Bounce, I longed to be at my typer, writing the review of the year for the restaurant of the year. It wasn't fair. Everyone else got to go. The food critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle* had been there opening night, over two weeks ago, and he had dined with Julia Child. *I* had all of her books. *He* didn't even have a fondue pot. But all of the recipe books in the world don't make a hill of baked beans in line at *the* restaurant of the year. You've got to get in, baby, and getting in depends on your savvy and connections, and even with connections, you still have to make the List. My name, my professional identity, wasn't even on the back of a napkin at Le Menu Bar. My career seemed headed to Margaritaville, forever. I caught a cab and went home alone to finish a leftover tuna salad.

The novelty of Le Menu Bar had turned into a full-scale, eat-your-heart-out-LA fad. Imagine, playing chess at dinner! In the pursuit of truth in food journalism, Yours Truly had played some fairly embarrassing games at the dinner table, none more so than pulling a muscle at the Twister Table in Sausalito. But, chess, I had never dreamed of chess at dinner, and to expend such a gorgeous setting on the game of chess seemed, well, excessive. Parked at the end of a quay at Oakland's Jack London Square, the former warehouse had been gussied up, the bleached brick walls

textured with Hemingway-esque seascapes, the iron crossbeams overhead painted a russet tone right out of a Dockers ad. And the celebs, the celebrities were just mad about the place! Sly Stallone had donated a bloody bowie knife, and Burt Reynolds a toupee. Everyone who was anyone had been there. I knew that I belonged there too, washed in the soft clatter of dishes and the click-click of chess pieces on a hard marble board. I deserved a reservation. I practiced for it. Every night, I played against a chess computer, in the dark, missing out on all of the fun.

And then the day came. Dinner for one. I got on the next train out of Margaritaville.

## Le Menu Bar



File  
Play  
Action  
Option  
Windows

35% gratuity added for parties of one or more.  
We reserve the right to refuse you service at any time.

## Keyboard and Mouse Controls

To negotiate Le Menu Bar with your keyboard, you must learn a few rules of etiquette. Although this method is considered a bit primitive, you may press the **[Esc]** key and step through the menus with the horizontal arrow keys **[←]** and **[→]**. Once you have found the proper menu, it is polite to

*Although this method is considered a bit primitive,  
you may press the **[Esc]** key and step through  
the menus with the horizontal arrow keys **[←]** and **[→]**.*

offer your opponent first usage. Should he decline, you may proceed through the menu options with the vertical keys **[↑]** and **[↓]**, and the **[Enter]** key will suggest that option to your host. Don't shovel your option.

In the delicate realm of dialog boxes at Le Menu Bar, designers have added the **[Tab]** key to assuage any Victorian fondness for keyboards. This key will step through all of the available areas in a dialog box, and the **[Enter]** key will activate an option.

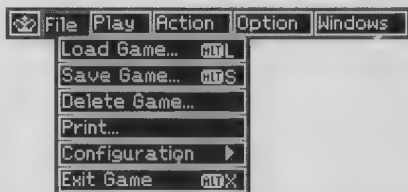
Of course, modern times are far more hectic than the era from which these gentilities arose. Though a bit brusque, today's mouse is nevertheless considered proper. When the mouse pointer is at the top of the screen, the right button will activate the menus. Although I firmly believe that sliding, as opposed to lifting, is a sign of a poor upbringing, sliding the mouse has become *de rigueur* among the younger generation. Slide, if you must, across the menus and down the sundry options. Either button will activate that option.

Every patron has a style to their consumption. It is possible to achieve blends of old and new, of keyboard and mouse. These methods may be used in combination.

## About Chess Maniac 5 Billion and 1!

Contrary to popular belief, creating a product is not all fun and games. On your way into Le Menu Bar, tip your hat to these people. They worked hard to bring you a fun-filled and fairly fecal frolic through the world of chess!

### File



Some months ago, I cooked a beautiful spinach soufflé for a few friends. Everyone thought it was simply dee-lish, and I was on cloud ten. Midway through the meal, however, my spirits crash-landed when Ty announced that he had to leave, that he had an appointment more important than finishing my soufflé. I tried to keep up my pluck, but I knew that my delicate concoction would spoil in the regular old fridge.

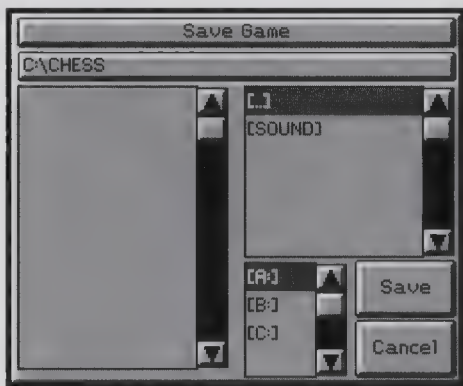
Had I the storage facilities of Le Menu Bar, however, I might, this day, be nibbling on a flaky crumb of soufflé and Ty might be invited back to my table.



## Save Game...

I believe in doing things your own way which is why I'm writing this section out of order. But some things, Ty, are unpardonable. Suppose you are as rude as Ty and must leave the dinner table before coffee is served. Le Menu Bar will permit you to go, and in the spirit of Saving the Planet, not a Pawn of your chess meal is wasted. My waiter, Juan, who is so environmentally conscious that he doesn't even wear sensible leather shoes for goodness' sake, was more than happy to store my chess game for my next visit. Oh, Juan was a pest! Honestly, some waiters have no class about tips! He must have brought me enough butter to fatten up Gandhi.

Fortunately, I managed to sneak out a copy of the menu. I could have been arrested by the *polezei*, you know. Or worse: publicly humiliated. But your daring reporter has once again scooped the other scribes. Here is a copy of the Save Game box on the menu:



Le Menu Bar has several different freezers which they call **disk drives**. They are called **A:**, **B:**, **C:**, etc. Should your chess game be stored on the hard disk drive (the deep freezer), you will want to select **C:**. I swear, I'm no vegetarian, but the thought of a little cluck-cluck gone to waste almost makes me cry.

In the upper right corner, you will see a window which lists the different shelves of your disk drive. Click the mousey on one of these shelves, and you will be able to examine its contents. If there are Tupperware containers or additional shelves (or directories in the slang) inside, they will now be displayed. Voilà! If you make a boo-boo and get into the wrong shelf, click on the [ . . ] selection to scoot out of there.

Once you have selected where you wish to store your game of chess, simply click the cute little mouse or hit **[Enter]** on the line just below the Save Game title. Type in the name that you wish to call your chess game. For instance, I called mine: "Checkers." Clever, yes? Oh, I bet that drove the chef absolutely bonkers!

Or, you can bypass using all of those tacky windows by typing the exact location and name of the game on the line below Save Game. For example, if you wish to store a game in the **C:** freezer on the **games** shelf (or directory, as some crass people call it) and to call it "TREATS," you type **C:\GAMES\TREATS**. The menu will try to give you some suggestions as to where to put the game, but don't be bullied! You are within your rights to choose your own spot. But, they will not budge on the file extension (**.GAM**). It is fixed.

Once you have selected your storage spot, select the big, juicy **Save** button. Your game is now stored until you return to finish it at your leisure. And it tastes just as good, so I was assured by the

maître d'. Well, I didn't actually talk to her. Her secretary left a pleasant message on my answering machine, though.

Or, press the **Cancel** button to exit and return to your current chess game.

## Load Game...

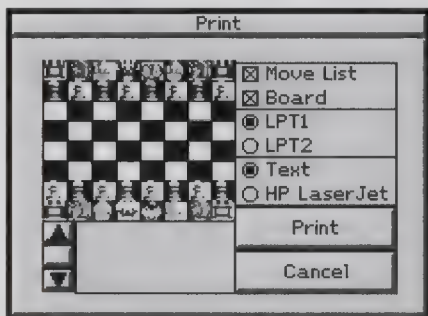
The Load Game option on the menu allows you to retrieve the scrumptious treats that you saved from an earlier game. Juan will go to the freezer and get the box that contains your half-finished game. The Load Game menu works exactly like Save Game, except that you're loading a game, n'est-ce pas?

## Delete Game...





To ease the strain on the unsophisticated chess diner, Le Menu Bar includes a Delete Game feature which operates exactly like the Load Game and Save Game options. Use this feature with caution, as it removes the game from the freezer shelves forever and ever. Fret not, leftover games do go to a charity that brings chess to the homeless: smiles to their faces and bellies full of the wholesome nutrition of chess. It's a good cause. Last year, I sent them a check for three dollars.

## Print...

For a limited time only, Le Menu Bar will print a complete record of your evening's chess game. The offer expires when Alexander Julian finishes his designs of the restaurant stationery. Then, the price goes up.



Print produces a copy of the Move List history of your astute chess moves and the current status of the Board. Note: printing the Board is available only if you have an HP LaserJet compatible printer. For other printers, you should select the Text option. I myself failed to bring an HP LaserJet to Le Menu Bar, but a helpful soul named Hewlett offered the use of his. I wonder where he got it.

With the vertical arrow keys ( and ) you can scroll within the Move List and print from any point in the game. The horizontal ( and ) zip around the options in the Print facility, just as the **Tab** key does.

You must also indicate where the printer is attached: either port LPT1 or LPT2. To activate the printer, press the **Print** button. Simple, oui? Or, click on the **Cancel** button to return to your game without a souvenir copy.

## Configuration

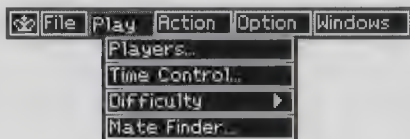
On the Configuration page of the menu, you can store the precise way that you like your chess served. When you click on this option, another dainty menu pops up.

Save Current will remind Juan exactly how you like it served. The busboys will recall that you like water with a twist of lemon as a part of your chess meal, and even which options under Play, Option and Windows you prefer. Restore Default means that the service for your game of chess will be just like everyone else's at Le Menu Bar: careless and hurried. Not since my last and only visit to Denny's have I encountered such *blitzkrieg* attention to the diner. When I asked Juan for some jelly, he returned in two seconds with a tray topped with Smucker's Grape, KY, Vaseline and a silicone breast implant. At least he could have marinated the implant.

## Exit Game

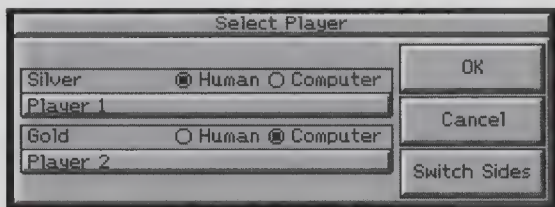
When you select the Exit option, Juan will ask if you are sure that your chess meal is finished. In the event that you can't possibly stuff another crumb in, click on the Yes button, and you will receive your bill promptly. Before you know it, you are on the street and on your way. Jack London Square is home to the hot-hot T.G.I. Friday's club. The mix is strictly industrial, and only the chic of the chic are permitted entrance. Bring your mousse.

## Play



## Players...

For solo diners, the maître d', a stunning blonde named Alex, will pair you with a computer companion. Or, a human one (maybe one that's cute too!).



The Players configuration at Le Menu Bar is the latest of the late. Even the dining tools are classy. White pieces are "silver," and Black pieces are "gold." It's much more classy than tired old black-and-white. Even hillbillies in a trailer park can eat off silver for goodness' sake. Or, when using the Bawdy set, "Medieval" is the silver side and "Persian" the gold.

You can also change the name of the players. Instead of being boring old "Player 1," why not be "Michael Jackson"? Wouldn't that be dangerous? Click on the "Player 1" bar and then type in your new name.

Also, you can force your chess opponent to finish your side of the game by clicking on the **Switch Sides** button. This will drive anyone into a tizzy. When you've completed your

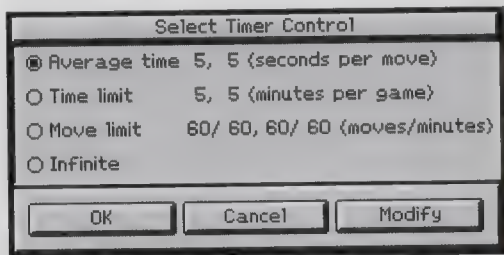
companion selection, press **OK**. Of course, selecting **Cancel** will keep things just as perfect as they are. Perfect except for that beastly little man next to me, the Chess Maniac. He grunted and burped so much that I was forced to ask the maître d' for a new table. Alex said that this Chess

*Perfect except for that beastly little man next to me, the Chess Maniac. He grunted and burped so much that I was forced to ask the maître d' for a new table.*

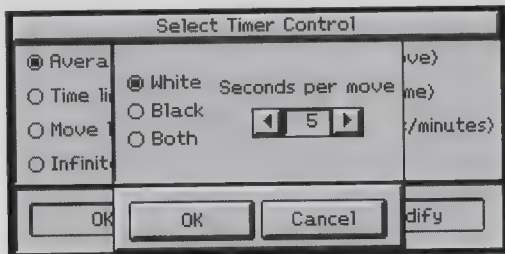
Maniac fellow was a part-owner of Le Menu Bar. Well, that changed my tune, PDQ! He was rather charming, in fact, except for his rather pungent cologne.

## Time Control...

[Editor's Note: To activate Time Control, select "Use Time Control Option" under the Difficulty Heading.] The good chef at Le Menu Bar understands that some patrons are really under tight schedules. I needed to finish my meal, pick up my poodle at the Shampoo Shoppe, and then spend the rest of the night working my fingers to the bone in an absurd attempt to make a ridiculous deadline. Once I had conveyed this urgency to Juan, he pointed to the Time Control part of the menu, where I was able to configure my chess game to fit my oh-so-cramped schedule.



You may select only one of these four options, whichever tickles your fancy for controlling the duration of the game. Next to each option is a pair of numbers, the first number applied to Player One and (surprise, surprise) the second one to Player Two. Average Time aids the computer in approximating how much time it should spend for each move. There is no limit to the number of moves, so, your game could last forever which would be *très ennuyeux*. Time Limit and Move Limit apply to both computer and human opponents, so everything's fair and square. Time Limit establishes the limit on one or both sides to complete the entire match. The timer starts as soon as your opponent finishes his move, and it stops when you complete your move. There is no time to gab, even, and going over means the game is over. Move Limit configures the number of





moves that must be completed by each side within a set number of minutes. If you exceed either the move or time component of this limit, your game is over, dear boy, and it's time for dessert.

To change any of these options, click on the **Modify** button. In the petite box, the two arrow buttons move the limit on seconds per move down or up, to a maximum of 299 seconds. My calculator tells me that 299 seconds is almost five minutes. Because of its popularity, the ownership has decided that this is an appropriate maximum. Next thing you know, they'll be adding takeout, for goodness' sake.

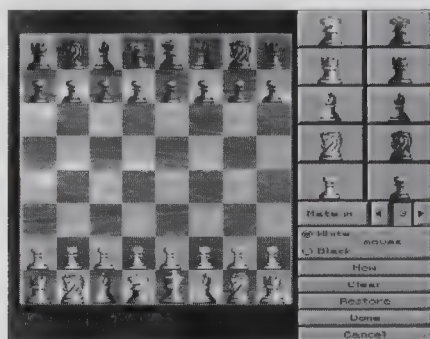
If one side exceeds the allotment, he/she/it will lose the game. Although you may be permitted to continue, where's the sport in that? When choosing **Infinite**, don't try to Modify it. Infinity is forever, silly! In fact, the computer opponent won't return to the table until you press **[Alt][F]**.

## Difficulty

Want to meet a real toughie across the chessboard? The Difficulty settings establish the level of your computer opponent. On Level 1, he tends to daydream or stare at the other patrons of Le Menu Bar. On Level 10, oh he's a devil! He won't even indulge in polite chitchat. Should you wish to tailor the boundaries more precisely, Use Time Control Option will activate the Time Control option to manage Time or Move Limits.

## Mate Finder...

If it were only this easy! The dee-lectable people of Le Menu Bar have added this titillating option after patrons were complaining how dreadfully unsocial the game of chess was. Hopefully, the Mate Finder feature will find the quickest possible checkmate, and get you off the chessboard and over to the bar where you never know who you might meet—maybe the bartender, who bears an eerie resemblance to Isaac from *The Love Boat*.



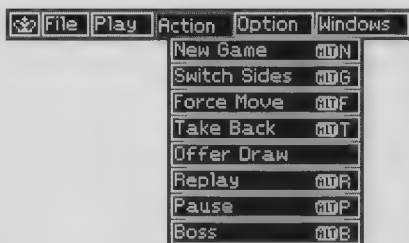
With the pieces in the upper right-hand corner, you can create any configuration on the board. Presumably, your current arrangement should be displayed. If not, let them know! Also, you can decide in just how many moves you want to finish the game at the "Mate in" window up to 9. Mate in where, dear fellows?

To rearrange the board manually, clicking the left mouse button on a board square will drop whichever piece has been depressed among the grid of pieces in the upper right-hand corner. The right button will clear the square, sending that poor piece off to Never-Never Land. Traditional keyboardists can use the **[Ins]** key to add a piece to the board and the **[Del]** key to remove a piece.

After sending the Mate Finder on its merry way to a solution, the computer plays a message that it is on the Yellow Brick Road. Clicking the small **Cancel** button will stop the Mate Finder's search and return you to the current status of your game.

**New** refreshes the board to its original, standard setup. **Clear** empties the board, save the two Kings, while **Restore** will return the board to the current configuration of your game. **Done** executes the Mate Finder option, and **Cancel** brings you back to the game itself.

## Action



### New Game ALT+N

Suppose you're getting bored or, worse, losing. Selecting New Game will start the whole chess experience over. Of course, your opponent may not appreciate your reorder, but tough-titty said the kitty when the milk went dry.

The waiter will ask if you're sure. If you are sure, don't accept any nonsense out of his mouth. Remember, the customer is always right. Juan, the conniving weasel, required more than one dressing down which, I suspect, earned an extra dressing in my water.

### Switch Sides ALT+G

Boy, is this a dee-licious trick! In the middle of the game, you can switch sides with your opponent. Suddenly, you're controlling the pieces that used to be his. Won't he be in a huff! If he's using the goldware, he's now on the silver side. On the whole, I found the goldware to be of a far superior quality. When I mentioned this to the maître d' Alex, she gave my Pawn a spit shine and left. The nerve!

### Force Move ALT+F

When playing a computer opponent, a chess diner can force it to move a piece or pass the butter, even before it is ready to do so. It's a wonderful trick with which to interrupt your opponent. The Chess Maniac used this option incessantly. What a silly name, but—my—he finished his opponent *vite, vite, vite!*

### Take Back ALT+T

The Take Back option reverses the last move made on the chessboard. In fact, you can use Take Back over and over, until you and your opponent are back to the very beginning, before the appetizers. However, the option to Take Back should be exercised with care. When a surly gentleman across the aisle sent back an order of stuffed mushrooms, the chef thundered out of the kitchen and had to be restrained until the maître d' could fire off an elephant tranquilizer. For the trouble, the gentleman received a free order of mushrooms and a new pair of pants.

# Rock Around



## The Clock



The malt was too thin,  
but I was happy to stare  
into her one good eye.  
We stayed there, laughing  
and playing blitz, until a  
drunk stole my fries. That  
night, behind the halfway  
house, she took my En  
Passant and my virginity  
and pawned them for  
three bucks.

### En Passant Timepieces

*Hand-Tooled Crap*

## Offer Draw

If you decide that neither you nor your computer opponent will win the game, you can offer a draw, and thus avoid the head-splitting tedium of playing the game to its bitter, bitter end. However, your opponent may decline to accept the draw, in which case you have the Exit Game option and he has the bill.

## Replay Alt R

One charming touch to the chess experience at Le Menu Bar is the Replay feature. Each and every game is videotaped, and your personal tape can be purchased in the gift shop for \$29.95 in both VHS and Beta. Under this section of the menu, you can review your own performance.



The Replay window contains buttons like you find on your VCR at home. The one with the square is the Stop button. The double-arrowed buttons jump to the beginning of the game or to the present move, while the single arrows with a line next to them advance or back up the Replay on a move-by-move basis. The single arrow without the line plays the game forward, step by step, move by move, unpeeling the drama better than a Hitchcock film. Eww, scary scary!

Should you find a teeny, tiny mistake in an earlier part of the game, Replay will allow you to continue play from that point in the game. The button with the single right arrow plays the game from the current point. So, every Le Menu Bar customer should leave a winner. Close Replay by clicking on the itty-bitty square in the upper-left corner of the Replay window.

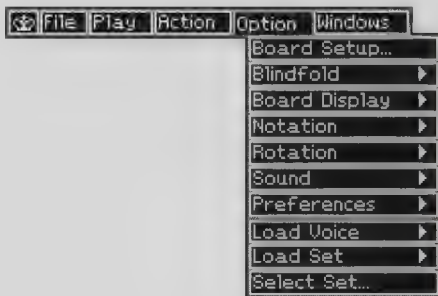
## Pause Alt P

Pause will stop the game for the moment, a savior when you need to go tinkle. Any key or mousey button will resume the game.

## Boss Alt B

Should you turn your head to discover your boss at the front door of Le Menu Bar, the Boss option will quickly conceal your chess habit. Any key exits.

## Option

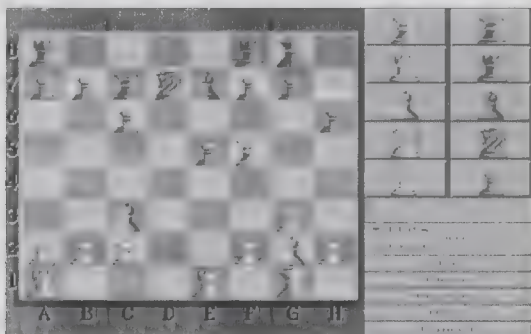




I was winding my way through a wine spritzer and the dee-lectable selections of the menu at Le Menu Bar when I noticed that the patrons in the next section were perusing an additional menu. Juan informed me that such menus were for the “preferred customers,” that I was in the “drop-in” section. I, I informed him, was no drop-in! I produced a manila folder with each and every one of my reviews, ones that I had written for *Dynamite*, the *Picayune*, and a smart magazine for an airline that flies the crème de la crème of air freight to Barbados. He sniffed and left, not daring, I’m sure, to confess his mortal error to his manager. In the “preferred section,” a kindly gentleman lent me his Option menu after he had fallen asleep at the table.

## Board Setup...

The derring-do of Le Menu Bar simply left me flabbergasted. Under the Board Setup section, the proprietors offer the customer the option of configuring the exact number, type and location of the pieces on his or her chess game. And guess what? The mouse controls are exactly the same as the Mate Finder. How thoughtful!



Pieces grabbed from the grid in the upper right-hand corner can be placed anywhere on the board. This option is particularly useful for those who wish to experiment with chess problems.

Adding a little spice, as it were, to a game of chess is a useful tool for learning how to prepare. If you want to have five Queens, you may—although my humble experience would suggest that the taste of five Queens might be a wee *fort*. Pawns can be removed from the board and substituted for any piece other than the King. It’s just like promotion. In the kitchen at Le Menu Bar, I opined politely to the chef that his preference for merely two Bishops was a bit dated and frankly bland, but the way that he fingered his meat cleaver left me somewhat hesitant to offer my improvements.

You may set up the board in its starting format with the **New** button, whereas the **Clear** button will give you a clean slate with which to create a great pâté of chess. Should you be not so bold as to create on your own, you may press **Restore** to return the board to the status of your game in progress. **Done** will execute the setup that you have created, and **Cancel** will return your to your game without doing the eensiest thing to the chessboard. Although I had numerous improvements to the setup, I let the chef have his way. The overall composition of the setup I found tasty, if a bit traditional.

## Blindfold

A few of the *nouveau riche* pigs in the restaurant were attempting to play blindfolded chess. Imagine, a thousand-dollar Hugo Boss riddled with chess stains! Dees-gust! The options under this section will allow you to hide the pieces of one side or the other or both. If you do, don't plan on coming to my table for dinner.

*Everyone wants a window table, and no one wants to sit next to the bathrooms.*

## Board Display

For some patrons, three-dimensional chess was simply too much for their unrefined palates. The two-dimensional option offers the same quality of chess, but without the intensive stimulation of the 3-D version. Because of its simpler form, the two-dimensional version requires a smaller tip to your waiter. Hear that, Juan?

During gameplay, you can press **Alt** **F1** for two-dimensional display. For the full aromatic quality of three dimensions, type **Alt** **F2**.

## Notation

In what language do you like your chess? Your options at Le Menu Bar are Coordinate, Algebraic and Descriptive notations. When I asked for my bill to be written in Algebraic chess notation, Juan pretended to understand only Arabic.

For a more complete exposé of these notations, see the Notation section in the *How to Play Chess* article of this month's *CQ*.

## Rotation

Any veteran critic will tell you that some tables in a restaurant are better than others. Everyone wants a window table, and no one wants to sit next to the bathrooms. The understanding decorators have offered the Rotation option, which can rotate the chessboard to different positions on the table.

Notice, of course, that White's location places Black's position directly opposite, *e.g.*, White is left, thus Black is right. While the White player might have a view of tugs steaming past the quay, the Black player may be forced to view a fat baby making an icky mess. Punished with such a display, I brought a complaint before the *patronne* who did nothing to alleviate the situation. Just because that baby has been in 32 Pampers commercials doesn't mean that he won't end up a drug addict, does it? I was so enraged that it took six Valium to calm me down.

## Sound

At the chess table, the Le Menu Bar experience includes an impressive array of aural stimulation, so engrossing that one might forget the game of chess at hand. Digitized sounds give ambient percolation to your game of chess, the blend distilled in a perky harmony of background operettas.

Under this heading of the menu, one may turn on the Digitized Sound and the Music for the background. To configure these options, one must request them with the hatcheck girl before commencing the Le Menu Bar experience. An instruction guide has been produced in the *Playing Chess Maniac* article. Additionally, one may request a Play-by-Play commentary of each move of your match. Suffice it to say, I thoroughly enjoyed the musical accompaniment to my meal of chess, although by the time I was served, the only music available was Ruby's Tuba and Bass Drum Corps which was a tad heavy for my Cobb salad with summer squash.

## Preferences

A hoity-toity dinner out is always augmented by the little niceties: hot towlettes or a snippet of red ginger to clean the palate. At Le Menu Bar, the knowledgeable staff has designed a full itinerary of pleasant knickknacks for your three-dimensional chess dinner.

For diners accustomed to simpler fare, it is suggested that they turn off the 3-D Board Detail option. Although a bit ostentatious, the standard chess table is a very fine setting designed exclusively for Le Menu Bar by Gump's. One poor fellow, an obviously new waiter, dropped a board laden with a piping hot chess game and was brusquely fired on the spot by the shift manager.

From time to time, the animations can become too distracting. To turn off the animations, toggle the 3-D Animation button. Personally, I found them rather ticklish, a dee-lightful sidelight to a fine game. Rather more intrusive were the Coordinates along the bottom and side of the board. Goodness, I learned my alphabet long ago, people, and I can figure out where on the chessboard I am located.

When you have selected the 3-D Animations, the pieces slide to and fro about the board. To make them jump to their new positions lickety-split, deselect the Piece Slide option. You may still want to see the animations without the rigmarole of zooming in on each and every one. Try deactivating the Zoom to Capture to more evenly pace your game. Negating the 3-D Backdrop option will leave you with a black, black wall at which to stare. How dull!

Cheaters never prosper, except in this game. Honest souls can keep the computer in line by clicking off the Cheating option.

## Load Voice

I have never been so insulted! While the Play-by-Play option offered a concise *objective* explanation of one's moves, the Color Commentary was decidedly off-color in its ghastly comments about my game! And my mother doesn't dress me funny, either! I happen to love her and her sense of fashion.

## Load Set

One of the drearier aspects of any meal is the preparation. Dining out eliminates the wrinkled skin from washing dishes, but what if you simply cannot stand the table arrangement? What if the utensils are straight out of the Flintstones? Le Menu Bar recognizes the greater satisfaction that a sophisticated clientele demands of a meal.

Under the Load Set menu, you may choose your own preference for the three-dimensional chessboard with the 3-D Board [Alt][F3] option. For two-dimensional tastes, 2-D Board [Alt][F7] produces a range of carefully sculpted boards. 3-D Piece [Alt][F4] offers a shopping list

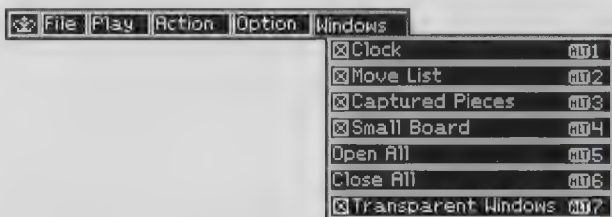
of different chess sets, vital ingredients to a well-rounded game. If the floral arrangement proves distressing to your digestion, select 3-D Backdrop **[Alt][F5]** to find a set of displays more suitable to your palate. Loadable Icons include the pieces on the Small Board, the icons in the display windows and the cursor. For the serious-minded, **[Alt][F6]** switches off the Distractions. Or switches them on.

*(Editor's Note: As of this writing, Le Menu Bar does not offer any additional options under any of these selections. On the condition that Le Menu Bar create new delectables under here, Zsa Zsa has promised to buy shares. Guess who's the Queen of the new set?)*

## Select Set...

Variety is the spice of life, even more than salt. At Le Menu Bar, one can opt for a standard, stately chess set or the raucous 3-D animated set. Oh, do, do, *do* try the Bawdy set! I most heartily give it a thumbs up!

## Windows



As with the finer restaurants of the Bay Area, Le Menu Bar offers a splendid view of the San Francisco skyline and the bay around it. If you're lucky, on a clear day you may see Humphrey the Whale splashing about. *[Humphrey was run over by a tug last week. He sank. —Ed.]* The Windows options can alter the views available at your chess table. Each window can be placed on the screen wherever you choose and can be closed by clicking on the small square in its corner. In 2-D mode, those cute little windows are static and just don't move.

## Clock **[Alt][1]**

Virtually every table has a clear view of a clock. The clock tracks how much time you and your opponent have spent during your turns at the chessboard. When a move is selected, the chess notation of that move will be displayed in the window. Personally, I found this very intrusive, as the clock at my chess table threw in some rather surly barbs as to the quality of my play. Some of them were cruelly personal. For the record, Monsieur chess clock, it is not a face lift. I am blessed with extraordinary skin for a ~~60-year-old~~ person of age. So there.

## Move List **[Alt][2]**

The Move List tracks the history of game in your carefully selected chess notation. If you pull the bottom bar of the window down, you can expand the list. The scroll bar scrolls the window backwards and forwards through the list of moves in the game. When you move backwards, the Replay Controls in the lower right-hand corner can be used to "rewind" the game to the point

displayed in the window. The Executive Chef himself stopped by to demonstrate this feature. A Polish *emigré*, he did not understand my request. Nonetheless, I did appreciate the free Heimlich maneuver.

## Captured Pieces

He who dies with the most toys wins, yes? To chart your progress during the game, the Captured Pieces option opens a window containing cute pictures of the pieces captured to the current point of the game. At the conclusion of the game, ask your waiter for a doggie bag to take home your pieces. Groveling for a juicy tip, Juan was more than happy to oblige with a lovely velvet bag. Sorry, Juan, the magazine *does* monitor my expense account.

## Small Board

The Small Board features a two-dimensional board of reduced size that displays the pieces and their current positions on the board. Sadly, in 2-D mode, this window wasn't available.

## Open All

For a lunch on a bright sunny day, the proprietors of Le Menu Bar are willing to Open All of the windows as well. When I exercised this option, several well-knowns complained that the breeze was ruining their hair. Some people!

## Close All

Should you acquire a bit of a chill, you can close all of these windows at once. The Chess Maniac didn't care much for this feature, as he put his fist through one of them. A biting sea breeze roared through it, and by the end of the game, his second opponent already had a touch of the sniffles, the poor fellow.

## Transparent Windows

In 3-D mode, Transparent Windows will turn all of the windows into see-through veils, behind which one may eye the chessboard, the animations and one's dinner companion. Quite mysterious and alluring.

\* \* \*

Two weeks later, I ran into Bruce at a boutique in San Francisco. When I mentioned that my piece on Le Menu Bar was appearing in this month's *CQ*, his cheekies got a touch more pinkish. Bruce had never been to Le Menu Bar, it turned out. But I had.

I was pleasantly surprised by the *nouvelle cuisine* offered at Le Menu Bar. The preparation and presentation of both meal and game were exceptional. Well, they must be, if Martin Yan thought so. So will you. 🍴



# Description of the Bawdy Set

*Accessories to liven up your chessboard*

*By Paula Phunster*

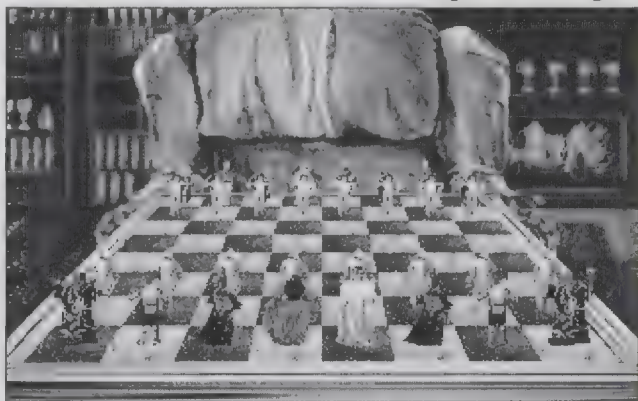
WHEN THE CHESS MANIAC WAS A young boy, he had difficulty making friends and his Play-Doh ones kept drying out. While the neighborhood kids were busting windows and torturing cats, the Chess Maniac was more interested in chess and calculating pi in his head. At age 10, he lost count and suffered his first breakdown. The bill from Midas was enormous.

The teen years were equally traumatic. The prodigal son of a Finn, a Swede and a Maytag, the Chess Maniac encountered communications barriers with his classmates. They said, "Dude, check out that babe!" The Chess Maniac replied, "10 Na1+!!" Many a lunch break he spent face-down in a trash can.

He tried to make friends through chess. In tournaments, the competition couldn't stand up, to him or his body odor. His pre-game meal of liver and onions and garlic and sulfur did nothing to endear him to his defeated opponents. Many fled in tears from losing and in dryheaves from the stench of his overactive bilge pump. From his own foul body, the Chess Maniac discovered the secret of his success at the game. In protest, a Hygiene Rule was brought before FIDE, but it was shot down in the Conduct Committee when the chairman revealed that he, too, was allergic to water. On the day of his high school graduation, the Chess Maniac had reached International Master level and was

seated in his own row at the back of the gymnasium. His Maytag was not permitted to attend.

Increasingly frustrated with the shallow lives and meager talents of his peers, the Chess Maniac withdrew into his imagination and his growing chess life. Somewhere, the two met, possibly through a dating service. A new creature was born. He changed his name, got a



nose job (picking them for \$3.75/hr.), and moved to Duluth. Two weeks later, he caught the next flight out of there.

Chess and life became the same. He no longer made a distinction. The board followed him everywhere. It was rather fast, running the 100 in under 10 seconds. Soon, he was seeing himself as different pieces on the board. Even in chess circles, people were not excited to meet a guy who introduced himself as "Queen." One by one, he tried being all of the pieces until the Chess Maniac was riding around on his moped, lancing kids with a baseball bat. They did not say "Hi" back. Nor did anyone say "Hi" in jail.

Incarceration dumped more time on his hands. Fortunately, it wasn't too heavy to put in his backpack. While the other inmates were starting chipped tooth collections, the Chess Maniac pored over his manuals in solitude. Although his chess-by-mail games continued to improve, he was still alone. He wanted friends, yet he did not like weight lifting nor playing Dodge Bottle in the yard. He needed special friends, friends who weren't as troubling as these things called people.

One day, after meeting the license plate quota, the Chess Maniac used shop tools to construct his first set of friends. Faithful and obedient, they never gave him any sass for his bad breath. He was happy. His friends were happy. They chatted about chess. They were left alone.

The Chess Maniac would like to introduce his friends. Do not make fun of them. The moped is still in his garage.

## Persian Side

Hey, what's there to say about these guys, they develop an awesome game plan, can drive to the hoop and have a terrific hook shot! They usually have the Black uniforms, and for good reason. That bunch of nogoodniks!



### Sultan

Of his harem, the Sultan has grown a little weary, and a little goatee to match. After starring in a revival of *Lawrence of Arabia* in pocket opera, the Sultan realized that he simply had too many women around.

He has since found some flat women and, according to the Chess Maniac, has narrowed his harem to eight. The cast-outs, however, are fighting back by dragging him into court for king-sized patrimony suits and a couple of Armanis. So much money is involved that

Marvin Michelson is no longer accepting his calls. The Sultan is in a tight spot, and the Chess Maniac has none in a bigger size. Worse, the Rochester's Big and Tall in town has closed down.



### Sultana

Because of the Queen, the Chess Maniac prefers to play the Persian pieces. The last and final piece of his set, the Sultana took three weeks to create. She is his pride and joy. Unfortunately, the Sultan is quite jeal-

ous. He has threatened to cut oil supplies and may invade his neighbor to the south. His neighbor, though, has a really nasty Doberman with a hankering for calf meat. In Truth (a one-horse town), the Chess Maniac is always respectful of their relationship. For her part, the Sultana knows that she is queen of the nest. One way or another (usually west), the Chess Maniac ends up doing the dishes.



### Persian Warrior

On any given night, the Persian Warrior would prefer to sit in front of the television with a cold beer, a ham pizza and a hockey game on ESPN. Lately, it has taken enormous bribes, and a pudgy maid of honor,

to get the Warrior to the chessboard. The Chess Maniac was conned into taking him to a Sharks game but confused the nights, and they ended up at the Ice Capades starring Scott Hamilton. The Warrior is still bitter that he got rooked out of a pair of ice skates, but the Chess Maniac cannot find them in Size Half-Inch.

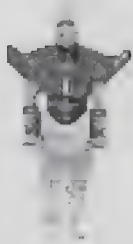
## Genie



There is really nothing all that extraordinary about the Genie. Nothing visible, that is. On the road, and on the curb, he's in high demand. After a tough match, the girls crowd around him at the bar,

asking him whether black or white is his favorite diagonal. During his early years on the circuit, the Genie's exploits were making Bobby (you know, Fischer) extremely envious. The groupies, apparently, were not as impressed with Bobby's Theories on Judaism as with the Genie's "magic." After a particularly bad bout of the clap which left his hands very red and swollen, the Genie confessed his sins to a **bishop** and began his life anew. Now, he prefers to spend his time with Clementine, his favorite groupie, and a gallon jug of Gatorade.

## Persian Knight



From the Knight's first steps out the shop door, the Chess Maniac knew that he was "different." He walked slowly, his shoulders rolled like Quasimodo, eyes dancing the Charleston. Almost immediately, the

Knight was ordering toy catalogs delivered to their cell. The Chess Maniac, broke as Joe Theismann's leg and ego, couldn't buy any of the dolls that the Knight pined for. Lately, signs have appeared in the neighborhood describing missing Barbie dolls. Always Barbies. Though concerned, the Chess Maniac would not allow the police to enter, in fear that they steal his prized mold cultures. Had he looked, he might have noticed an absent Knight, and behind the toilet, a tiny, plastic-flecked butcher knife borrowed from Chef G.I. Joe...

## Belly Dancer



The Chess Maniac always has his eye on the Belly Dancer. Sometimes his eye starts to tear, and she complains that it's bad for her skin. He will readily admit that she is difficult to control. Something with

the suspension, although he just replaced the brakes. Several months ago, she ran away. Days later, the Chess Maniac discovered her dancing in a strip bar for pennies. After much pleading and promises of better **pawn** structure, the Chess Maniac returned her to her proper place. Nevertheless, she's always threatening to go. Under her skirt, she is now required to wear Depends.

## Medieval Side

Always wearing the home Whites, this team is an equal match for the Persians. Their inside game is fearsome to behold, especially the acrobatic feats of Air Reaper. And besides, they've got God on their side!

## Medieval King



The Medieval King has recently returned from an extended vacation to Club Med in Newark, New Jersey, a reward for graduating from Primitive Hun to Medieval King. His diploma is pending, though, as the

test-givers are comparing his answers on the Tyranny and Butchery Section with those of the Libyan guy seated next to him. The Medieval King has filed a complaint. After all, why would he cheat off a guy with a losing record?

## Medieval Queen



back row. But she's still sweet on him, especially after he takes a roll in the sugar bowl.

## Grim Reaper



The Grim Reaper is a quiet fellow and generally sticks to himself. Sometimes, the Chess Maniac has a difficult time prying him apart. Although the Chess Maniac respects his work, even he is a bit uneasy in the Reaper's presence as of late. There may be a parting of ways in the future. At each game, the Reaper has been asking for a fresh whetstone for his scythe. More than once, he has reminded the Chess Maniac that he is getting **rooked**, that overrated Dracula is earning more souls per appearance. And he's messy and prefers to work only with women. Pointedly, the Reaper has reminded him that he is far less discriminating. He's been to a Bar Mitzvah and has even spun the dreidle.

## Wizard



Without a doubt, the Wizard is the brightest of the bunch. He and the Chess Maniac discuss the nuances of openings and the trickeries of bathing. Terminally confused, the Chess Maniac often

consults him on the divine mystery of the opposite sex. Wizard, however, is no **bishop**. He has no communion with God. It is a puzzle that neither has solved, so trips to Margaritaville usually end up in a corner with a Rubik's Cube and a Tab.

## Medieval Knight



The Medieval Knight and the Chess Maniac do not get along. All night long, their shouting matches disturb the neighbors. Full of pride, the Knight is incensed that the Chess Maniac would lay his grubby hands on the Knight's perfectly moussed hair. He takes great care of his personal grooming and is often found staring into his own reflection on the board. When caught, he flashes an Ultra-Brite smile and poses for the tourists. Guess who usually gets sacrificed first?

## Jester



Above all, do not make fun of the Jester in front of the Chess Maniac. He has a soft spot for this hapless guy, right behind his knee. Even the Chess Maniac knows that the Jester doesn't jest. His jokes are bad, his punch lines long and confusing. And his juggling stinks. During construction, the Chess Maniac accidentally painted fleshtone over his eyes. With liquid paper, the Chess Maniac tried to undo the damage, but he was too late. The Jester was blind forever. Though never charged, the Chess Maniac feels guilty. Every morning begins with 10 Hail Marys over which the estate of Mary Carpenter has threatened a lawsuit for copyright infringement. The Chess Maniac vows to fight, for he refuses to be a **pawn** of the courts. ♣



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# glossary

- Algebraic Notation** A means of recording the moves of a chess game based on the ending location of the piece. (See the Notation section of *How to Play Chess* or your ninth-grade teacher for info.)
- Attack** An aggressive action against a piece or an area of the board is an attack. If wheezing persists, consult your doctor.
- Berserker** A style of play characterized by wild sacrifices, most often employed by idiots, feebs and schizophrenics.
- Castle** A one-time move in which the King and the Rook do a little square dance, do-si-do. The King, a switch-hitter, can castle with either Rook. In order to castle, both pieces must be in their original positions and neither can be the goalie. The King moves to the second-most extreme file (b1 or g1 for White, b8 or g8 for Black). The Rook slides into the third-most extreme file (c1 or f1 for White, c8 or f8 for Black). It is a good idea to castle as early as possible because, well, I haven't the faintest idea. But many chess heroes recommend it. You can castle only once, and it is irreversible. Like liposuction. So choose your option carefully. (See *How to Play Chess*.)
- Center** The central four squares of the board or a tall skinny guy who likes to commit hard fouls. (See Eaton, Mark.)
- Checkmate** An attack which leaves the King no available exit. A favorite checkmate is a Polish farm girl. Czechs find them irresistible.
- Combination** A series of tactical moves that usually requires a sacrifice, sometimes a bloody nose or black eye in retaliation. (See Tyson, Mike.)
- Coordinate Notation** A system of chess notation based on an eight-by-eight grid of the board. Knowing coordinates will improve the overall composition of your chess game and your wardrobe. (For more info, see the Notation section of *How to Play Chess* or your local Macy's.)
- Defense** What are ya, stoopid? It's de ding in front of de house!
- Descriptive Notation** A chess notation developed by stuffy British people who like nothing better than saying "Knight to Bishop's Three and pass the marmalade, Jeeves." The moves are described based on the original position of the pieces. For example, the above move might be "b1-c3" in Coordinate Notation, the revolutionary language of the masses. (To be further enlightened, see *How to Play Chess* in this manifesto.)
- Development** The process of advancing pieces from their starting places to positions from which they can attack and control a sizeable chunk of real estate, on which to build lovely tract homes.
- Draw** A draw is a tie. A drawn tie can look pretty good if you've got the right artist. A draw can result from a three-time repetition of posi-

tion, a stalemate, or an agreement between players who must get it signed by a notary public.

**En Passant** In French, meaning *in passing*. In Swahili, meaning *while relieving oneself*. If a Pawn has achieved the fifth rank (row 5 for White, row 4 for Black), it can take an opposing Pawn that tries to move past it using the two-square, first-move rule. For example, if a Black Pawn tries to move b7 to b5, a White Pawn at c5 can take the Pawn (cxb6) as if the Pawn had not passed it. The White player must take the Pawn immediately, otherwise the offer expires and he doesn't get the rebate, the magazine subscription, the stuffed bunny or Ed McMahon's 8 x 10 glossy. (Some restrictions apply. See *How to Play Chess* for details and diagrams.)

**Endgame** The final phase of the game with few pieces remaining on the board. One common indicator of the endgame is when the Queens are exchanged. In one title game, Fischer exchanged his for a downed U2 pilot and some postcards from Minsk.

**Fianchetto** Not to be confused with a sexual act, fianchetto is Italian for *on the flank*. It is achieved by placing a White Bishop on b2 or g2 or a Black Bishop on b7 or g7. This word is often mispronounced. The correct pronunciation is *Fran-co*. (See Harris, Franco or Fascism.)

**FIDE** *Federation Internationale des Echecs*, the governing body of international chess. A little more powerful than the United Nations.

**File** A vertical column on the chessboard. Do not attempt to remove these columns, else the entire structure will collapse.

**Flank** The three extreme files on each side of the board or a cheap steak suitable for serving to in-laws.

**Forced** A series of moves required to avoid disaster, the most common being a duck-and-cover from divebombing pigeons.

**Forfeit** To lose a game without actually playing it. There are many ways to forfeit a game, the coolest of which is to wreck a motorcycle on the way to the game while trying to pop open a 10th pre-game beer. Such accomplished forfeiters are permitted to wear an aluminum-can dunc cap at all future tournaments, provided that they still have a head on which to place it.

**Gambit** To sacrifice a Pawn in the beginning of a match for the sake of longer-range plans, such as early retirement, a white picket fence and bingo at the rec center.

**Grandmaster** A chess Grandpa who's pretty bad-ass. Once a player becomes a chess Grandpa, the title may not be rescinded, even if the little buggers hide your dentures.

**Grandmaster Draw** Originally applied only to matches between Grandmasters, a Grandmaster draw is a quick, dull game that ends in a draw, a sort of Cliff's Notes version of *Masterpiece Theater*.

- Hang** 1. To be unprotected and exposed to attack. 2. To chill in front of Thrifty's with other high school dropouts.
- Hypermodern** A school of thought, with difficult admissions requirements, in which it is believed that a Pawn in the center of the board is an inviting target to the opposition. The idea, then, is to command the center from the perimeter, although your troops will call you chicken.
- Initiative** The ability to threaten your opponent without hiring Kwai Chang Caine. Remember, Grasshopper, it is the slow blow that kills.
- Kingside** A cute hamlet outside Newark, New Jersey. Proud Home of the Largest Gas Mask Factory in the World. Players in Kingside only use the King's half of the board. The other side is donated to charity.
- Major Pieces** The Queen, the Rook, and Colonel Kurtz's lesser-known but equally crazy cousin.
- Maneuver** A sequence of non-threatening moves formulated to further a long-term strategic goal. A pile of maneuvers makes a good fertilizer as well.
- Master** A player with a rating above 2200. According to international rules, Masters must wear black leather chaps and flog lesser players with a bullwhip.
- Mate** That snoring beast next to you in bed. (*See Checkmate.*)
- Material** Pieces and Pawns. New! From Nestlé! Delicious jellybeans smothered in real butterscotch nougat!
- Mating Attack** An attack with the ultimate goals of checkmate, marriage and a Visa Gold Card in your wallet.
- Middlegame** The part of the game between the opening and the endgame. The middlegame. Now you're ready for Mensa.
- Minor Pieces** Knights, Bishops and a punk band from Wisconsin.
- Open File** A file (a vertical stripe of squares) that is free from Pawns, and crayfish as well.
- Opening** At the beginning of a match, a sequence of moves by the White side to develop its pieces, to control the center, and to strengthen the initiative on which Senator Kennedy is threatening to filibuster.
- Patzer** A buzzword belittling the caliber of an opponent's play. Derived from the name of a WWII German tank which was scrapped for lack of adequate kitchen and dining facilities.
- Pawn Chain** A diagonal line of same-colored Pawns and a successful franchiser of second-hand merchandise.
- Point Count** The score, tabulated in captured pieces. Pawns: 1 pt., Knights and Bishops: 3 pts., Rooks: 5 pts., Queens: 9 pts., Kings: Don't count score, dummy. The game's over.
- Problem Child** A Bishop blocked by its own Pawns or by emotional problems arising from a dysfunctional family unit and lack of nurturing love. (*See Buscalia, Lenny I'm Not Okay Because You're Not Either.*)

<b>Promotion</b>	Not in my lifetime! When a Pawn reaches the other end of the board, though, <i>he</i> gets to become whatever he wants: Rook, Queen, Bob Denver. However, he can't be the King who has just left the building.
<b>Queenside</b>	The three extreme files on the side of the Queen. <i>Slang</i> : killing off the Queen because you just hate the damn wench.
<b>Rank</b>	1) <i>n.</i> The horizontal rows of the chessboard. 2) <i>adj.</i> The Chess Maniac's armpit.
<b>Rating</b>	A measure of a player's relative strength. Bobby Fischer, the highest rated player ever, earned an XXX rating which impressed the hell out of Marilyn Chambers.
<b>Resign</b>	To give up a game when trapped in a hopeless, unwinnable situation or when the general manager is too stingy to get you a power-hitting first baseman.
<b>Romantic</b>	A reference—who told lies, nothing but lies, to the interviewer—to a style of play in the early- to mid-1800s. Sacrifice and attack were the only strategies for macho players. Later, this style became the favorite of Erik Estrada, whose chess career was curtailed by overexposure from compromising photos, too many appearances on Fantasy Island and a bad endorsement deal with Taco Bell.
<b>Sacrifice</b>	To offer material in exchange for an advantage of some kind. ( <i>See</i> Mothers, Satanists.)
<b>Stalemate</b>	A situation in which the moving player has no legal move and has been barred from taking further action in the courts. The game is settled by draw. FIDE's sanctioned method of draw settlement is by Etch-A-Sketch, best of seven.
<b>Strategy</b>	The reasoning behind a move, plan or idea. Not applicable to politicians.
<b>Style</b>	A player's method of strategy, influenced by his personality and preferences. As a young player, Boris Spassky pinned his strategies to the White squares. His play did not develop until his instructors discovered his preference for vanilla ice cream. Kicked of the habit, Spassky became world champion.
<b>Tactics</b>	Assessments of a situation based on calculation of variations of that situation. Alienation from the ruminations of the imagination can cause constipation without regulation. Is that an iteration?
<b>Threat</b>	A move or strategy to endanger an enemy's position. (e.g. Swallowing the key to the bathroom.)
<b>Three-Time Repetition of Position</b>	When the pieces of the board end up in the same positions three separate times, the game is declared a draw. A convenient way to avoid losing like a man most often used by no-good chumps named Earl Shinsky whose girlfriend liked me better in bed anyway!
<b>Variation</b>	A path of analysis from any point in the game, including a calculation of how much time you've wasted reading this useless glossary. ♚



# reference

**Butterly, Eustace III. *Leaves of Chess*. New York: Weeping Willy Books, 1988.**

A philandering alcoholic with a gambling problem who may have spied for the Soviets, Mr. Butterly infused the sparkling clarity of his verse with the sagacity of experience. Gambling drained his trust fund by the age of 25, and Daddy didn't ante up, prompting a lifelong struggle to find himself and pay off Gino. Of particular interest is "A.A. Stay Away," a clever dirge against 12-Steppers everywhere. Sadly, the world has bid *adieu* to this witty poet who lost his life on a side bet in a tournament of speed chess.

**Chess Maniac, The. *My Favorite Recipes*. Lubbock: Gourmand's Edible Books, 1990.**

A fine compedium for any fan of this chess celebrity. An odd read, however, as Mr. Chess Maniac occasionally confused verbs, objects and epithets, some of them in Bulgarian. The dessert section offers interesting varieties on some traditional favorites, although 52 recipes for fudge did seem excessive.

**Gore, Al. *Earth and Chess in the Balance*. Bethlehem, PA: Industrial Plight and Tragic Books, 1992.**

Ever have your mouth washed out with soap? Mr. Gore attempts to purge the nation of the foul language of wasteful chess. In spite of his intelligence, the Vice President's delivery is nevertheless wooden and strained. Doesn't he have anything better to do, like MC a spelling bee? As a college-educated green freak, the Veep can surely spell "potato" as well as any 12-year-old or as well as a hot computer game retailing for the low, low price of \$44.95. Pardon the shameless self-promotion.

**Keene, Raymond. *Chess: An Illustrated History*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1990.**

Culled from extensive travels to museums all over the world, these photographs distill the art and craftsmanship invested in the pieces of the game over the centuries. While the photos demonstrate a clever eye and remarkable composition for an amateur, the inclusion of several, more personal photographs was unwarranted. Truly, I did not need to see Mr. Keene and his hair shirt in a Speedo eating raw oysters by the pool, just before my dinner.

**LaVay, Anton Szandor. *The Satanic Bible*. New York: Shiny Happy Books, 19666.**

Try the outstanding diarrhea curse which is guaranteed to disrupt an opponent's concentration. Stay posted, as Mr. LaVay has promised a Blood Light version later in the year. Tentatively titled *Satanic Limericks*, this edition has some neat-o poems for the bathroom wall and a centerfold of Charles Manson. Check out his turn-ons!

**Pandolfini, Bruce. *Let's Play Chess*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986.**

No, let's not. I gotta clean the rain gutters and do my taxes.





**Scarry, Richard. *The Big Book of Chess*. Walla Walla, WA: Pile of Filth Books, 1992.**

The world-famous author of children's books attempts to bring some sport and play to the Grand Old Game. However, Mr. Scarry takes considerable artistic license in the Scüme the Dancing Slug Teaches Pawn Structure section. According to the original Brothers Grimm fable, Scüme and his friend, the Leper Oozy, do not "play chess happily ever after." Rather, their wagon is carjacked by a roving pack of street urchins on a Big Wheel. Indeed, Mr. Scarry has lost the essence of the tale.

**Seirawan, Yasser. *Play Winning Chess*. Redmond, WA: Tempus Books, 1990.**

The nation's top-rated player, Mr. Seirawan knows quite a bit about winning chess matches. But what about us losers? I enjoy losing, especially when I'm playing strip chess with my wife. No wonder he never gets laid.

**Sohl, Jerry. *Underhanded Chess*. New York: Hawthorne Books, Inc., 1973.**

Mr. Sohl presents an insightful chronicle of a season on the Underhanded Chess Tour, the minor league of the game. Although well-spiced with revealing anecdotes, the journalism is soured by an undercurrent of sadness, of junkies who continue to play despite forgetting how to castle. As fun as a Thomas Mann novel.

**Stean, Michael. *Simple Chess*. Boston: Faber and Faber, 1987.**

If it's simple, why the book?

**Tobias, Andrew. *Managing Your Moves*. Needles: Harper and Row, Row, Row Your Boat, Inc., 1990.**

America's financial wizard tries to take over the chess market and bites the poison pill. On every aspect of the game, his analysis lacks any understanding of the greater issues. In the opening chapter, Tobias suggests that struggling players "try to buy out" their opponents, forgetting that true players never sell out. The cost of the book, though, is offset by my outstanding Foreword.

**Waitzkin, Fred. *Searching for Bobby Fischer*. New York: Random House, 1988.**

The father of a chess prodigy, Mr. Waitzkin narrates the trials of raising an 8-year-old to be both a chess champion and a normal human being. In the appendix is a comprehensive list of symptoms of childhood schizophrenia. Although Mr. Fischer has since been found, efforts are underway to help him get lost again.

**Weller, Tom. *Culture Made Stupid*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1987.**

Burn the book. Get cable. Be stupid 24 hours a day.

**Winter, E.G. (ed.). *World Chess Champions*. New York: Pergamon, 1981.**

Experts compare the relative strengths of many of the greats of the game, including their max in the dead lift. Bob Woodward adds a bit of intrigue in his introduction for the reprint. Did Fischer and Spassky have a fling? If so, how far did they throw it? ♚

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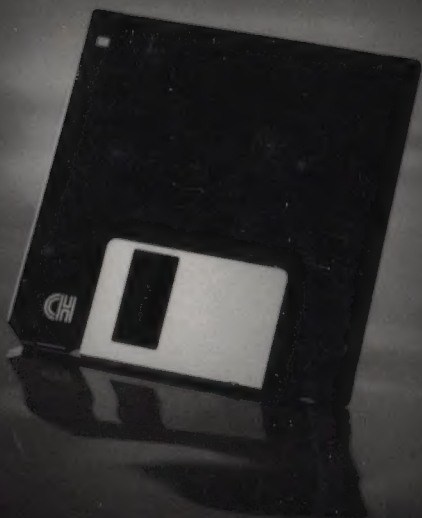
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